

CASTLE of

# FRANKENSTEIN

No. 2

35¢

DAVID  
**McCALLUM**  
THE MAN FROM  
**M.O.N.S.T.E.R.**

**LUGOSI'S**  
**LAST DAYS**  
BY WILLIAM K. EVERSON

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH  
**FU MANCHU**



CHRISTOPHER LEE  
AS DRACULA



## **BATMAN and ROBIN**

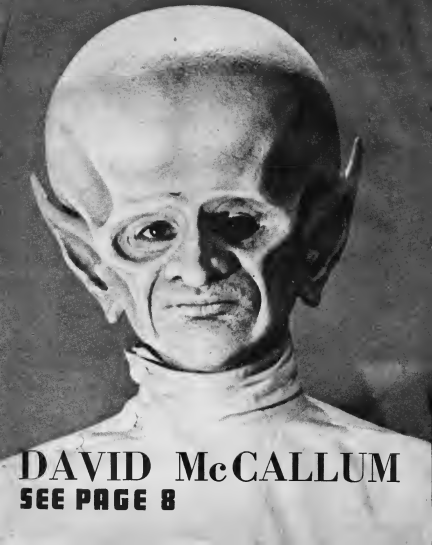
FROM 1943 MOVIE SERIAL TO 1966 TV





heh, heh . . . come in, creeps . . . and welcome! Welcome once  
again to the Castle of Frankenstein! For the benefit of you new-  
comers, my name is Igor Hyde . . . and I'm your host here in the  
dungeon of the Gothic Castle. Don't worry about the poor  
soul below . . . he just imbibed a bit too much from my latest  
batch of Frankenstein Fruit Punch! Heh, heh! . . . Koy, gong,  
it's time for another hallucinogenic journey through the world's  
only psychedelic horror mag so read on . . . if you dare . . .  
heh, heh . . .





**DAVID McCALLUM**  
**SEE PAGE 8**

# CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Vol. 2 No. 4

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#### INSIDE FRONT

Kullbiff "crushed" the rule and will always be the Monster. But it seems that Glenn Strange was also born for the part.

#### INSIDE BACK

Whether or not he was the Mad Monk or a non-understood genius, RASPUTIN is well remembered this year by Chris Lee.

#### BATCOVER

Not since the debut of the James Bond's Aston-Martin has any vehicle relied so much on scenery and excitement as the Batmobile in ABC's suspenseful television series BATMAN. But even the best laid plans of mice and men can go awry—when Adam West was finishing a scene and about to leave a "partial" Batmobile, it suddenly became apparent that something had gone haywire in the supervisor's position . . . it still kept moving after he got out. Heroically, it typified Batman's behavior. West leaped after the runaway car, stopping it within a hair's breadth of disaster. He saved his company \$20,000 dollars in losses.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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# FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE

A quick glance at current slanting  
and monster movies making  
theatrical rounds

Special Introduction

**BLOOD AND BLACK LACE** (88 mins-Woolner, A-1, 1965). Minor Italian-made shiller about mystery murders in Rome featuring color. Mostly whodunit fare, but director Mario Bava adds baroque overtones. Cameron Mitchell, Eva Bartok, Thomas Richter. Color.

**"DE TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS"** (88 mins.-Param., Para.-1965). Borewinded British sequel film done with sense of humor and good acting. The mysterious Dr. Schreck (Peter Cushing) deals out five short horror tales to passengers on railway coach, structure resembles Seed of Night but style reminds one more of comic books. Scenic sequence that juxtaposes modern (Tubby Royce, Ray Cootle) with the world of voodoo is fresh, unique and funny. Christopher Lee, Alan Freeman, Michael Gough. Color.

**MY BLOOD RUNS COLD** (83 mins.-WB-1965), but your blood won't. Tony Danza, pet, tries to convince Jaye Heathershaw that they are reincarnations of lovers who died 300 years ago. We thought Hollywood stopped making this kind of picture in the mid-Forties. Barry Bostwick, Jeanette Hahn.

**BRASSBORN** (105 mins.-WB-1965). Conceived but inelegantly directed shiller. Scientist plots to unleash monster in public and feign insanity. Entertaining despite surreal underlining aspects. Jeffrey Hunter, Anne Francis, Vivian Lindfors, Duane Anderson.

**BEAST THAT KILLED WOMEN** (50 mins.-Mush-1965). Also exhibited as *Beast That Maimed Women* and *Beast That Rained Vengeance*. By any title, it's a paralyzing bore from exploitation king Barry Sherman's garish lease in madist camp. Amazingly, vivid, plastic-like looking at a blank screen. Color.

**CURSE OF THE FLY** (86 mins.-Fox-1965). Grade-B British ed. third in series based on Playboys story by George Langelaan. Further experiments with wonderful (but, alas, not perfect) telescopic machine of the Canadian Delamaine family. Script has unrealized potential, but director Dan Shepp produces a surprisingly good moments and low-key Cinemascope photography is effective. Better than Return of the Fly, but I don't approach the original. Brian Donlevy, Corale Gray, Jack Reddy.

**FINDING GHOUls** (77 mins.-Eas, Puccinelli-1965). Abartive review of British misadventures. The Flash and the Flamingo previously released in U.S. by Volant as *Waxies*. Don't see this re-edited version eight minutes including the ending—have been removed. The only Finnish ghouls connected with the picture were from Puccinelli Pictures. Original was intelligently written and coarsely played account of grave robbers Burke and Hare. Peter Cushing, Donald Henderson, Jane Laneville, Dermot Walsh.

**HERCULES AGAINST THE MOONWOMEN** (70 mins.-Gavener-1965). Typical French-Italian Maciste epic with of steel Hercules battles space creatures instead of usual Mangel as perer. Alan Steele, Jany Clair. Color.

**HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND** (73 mins.-Nakie, Puccinelli-1965). Antiseptically bad German horror. Floodload of slimmers crashes near island infested with spiders reawakening overgrown waterwheels. Rids. Redundant, dialog, acting—tends, with Flase 9 from Outer Space on grade-2 rock-bottom filmmaking. Much, much faster than most comedical Barbara Valentine, Alex D'Arcy.

**HEAD EXECUTIONERS** (The 100 mins.-CCC, Para 1965). Pretty bloodies are belated by sea feed in this German-made adaptation of Edgar Wallace's *White Cargo*. Eric photography: twisting plot should keep you guessing. Jorg Felmy, Maria Perschy, Dieter Borch, Wolfgang Preiss.

**SPACESHIP TO THE UNKNOWN** (97 mins.-Ush-1965). One of a series of new feature versions of classic Universal serials. This one's taken from the original 1936 Flash Gordon. **REDEMPTION SATURN** (from 1939 Buck Rogers), **THE DEADLY RAY FROM MARS** (from 1940 Flash Gordon), **CRASH OF THE UNIVERSE**, **PURPLE DEATH FROM OUTER SPACE** and **PEEL FROM THE PLANET MONDO** (first and second halves, respectively, of 1938 Flash Gordon's trip to Mars. Previous features have been edited from these serials, but new ones are less choppy and happier.

**"THE BRIFORD INCIDENT"** (102 mins.-Cal-1965). Senegging Fell-Sale features excellent Richard Widmark performance, mellow comedy by Gil Taylor (who also directed *Requiem for a Dream*), and directorial debut of James Hamlin, Kubrick's former producer. He runs a tight film. Sidney Poitier, James MacArthur, Monte Belman, Wally Cox, Eric Portman.

**DR. WHO AND THE DAUGHTERS** (73 mins.-Regal-1965). Best version of the BBC-TV serial that gained England completely has rise special fix. Peter Cushing as Dr. Who and script by M.B. Sobottsky, Roy Carter, Jennie Lind, Roberto Tovey. Color.

**"THREE ARE THE DAMNED"** (77 mins.-Hammer, Cal-1965). Joseph Losey's "warning," originally titled *The Damned*, finally arrived in U.S. in mutilated form. Ten minutes are missing, but story of children exposed to radiation in preparation for pre-nuclear civilization still has disturbing fascination. Winner of 1964 Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival. Macdonald Carey, Shirley Anne Field, Vinona Linders, Oliver "Curse of the Werewolf" Reed, Alexander Knox, Walter Catell.

**BUDHA** (134 mins.-Loptart-1965). Lots of minutes, violence and sex in this feature Japanese spectacle. Budha saves his followers from persecution, elephant stomps and earthquakes but is powerless to salvage this stark imitation of Hollywood. Bilingual epic. Despite sex and violence, it's strictly run-of-the-mill. Keiko Maaga, Chieko Sato, Shinko Kato. Color.

**OLGA'S GIRLS** (95 mins.-Wels-1964). Occasionally sensual sodas film which rated movies by one of Cef's favorite film critics, James Matus *Olga's Girls*. The Village Velin. Several nude young ladies are chained to the wall and tortured by Miss Olga. Homosexual and classical music soundtrack.

**"HELPS"** (95 mins.-UA-1965). Miffy, imaginative comedy-fantasy, as fresh as *Hard Day's Night*. Beatles are chased from *Alps to Stonehenge* by cult of Boston killers because Ringo wears ring of Kali, Goddess of Death. Off-late film in tradition of Olsen and Johnson and Marx Brothers. Lee McLean, Eleanor Brown, Victor Spinetti. Color.

**"RE-ENTRY"** (66 mins.-1965). Jordan Brian took a year (in a Ford Foundation grant) to make this superb mystical short which relates subconsciously to both space travel and the hallucinations drug experience.

**INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES** (THE 81 mins.-Hollywood Star, Parkway Int'l-1964). Faithful "romance-novel" should, by rights, be pure trash but merely escapes due to excellent photography and inventive direction. Crazy carnival fortune-teller hypnotizes beachgoers into killing-wielding zombies, throws out rest of cast. Cecil Plogg, Earl O'Hara. Color.

**THELL KILLER** (THE 69 mins.-Hollywood Star-1965). Grade-C shiller with scullery photography and inept direction by writer-director Ray Stridley ("Cash Hagg"). Grosse explains of neo-madness. Stridley's visual talents would be great as half-decent property, they're wasted here incredibly strange mixed-up acting by Plogg, Liz Reany, Erik Barin. Gray Kest.

**WHAT?** (90 mins.-Yax, Futurama-1964). Originally titled *The Whip and the Body* and released in England as *Night Is the Phantom*. Strikingly photographed British-Born public suppression. Made in USA with scripting flaws. *What?* on Christiana Lee is modernized soon after returning to family circle, atmosphere is torn away by his lingering split. Directed by John A. Old (Reverend Fred). Duilio Levi, Tony Randall, Harriet White. Color.

**WILEY MOORE AND HIS MAGIC MACHINE** (94 mins.-Mogno-1965). Japanese puppet feature about mad professor and his time machine is mainly for the tots. Voices: Larry Mann, Mike Richards, Alvin Sapp. Color.

**HOW TO STUFF A WILD BEHIND** (90 mins.-AIP-1965). With director Rainer Kauter (James) in this "Beach Party" while bikini swims around in mid-air—waiting to be stuffed. Several fantasy touches. Brian Donlevy, Mickey Rooney. Color.

**"DARK INTERLUDE"** (59 mins.-Urb-1965). Surprisingly good grade-B shiller set in France of early 1950's. Unrated TV pilot released as feature has many excellent scenes bits of engaging plus material that seems to be out of Universal's Lon Chaney Jr. mold. Adult plotting (murders lead to act of ancient Saxonian legends) by Thiller and Hammer. Best scene: Lovers plus next direction by Harvey Hart. Lucie Arnott, Mark Belmont, Judi Meredith, Werner Klemperer, Gilbert Green.

**I SAW WHAT YOU DID** (82 mins.-Urb-1965). William Castle pays homage to Hitchcock (notably a shower-murder aka *PSYCHO*) with well-oiled but convoluted routine. Success from awal Out of the Dark. Rotten promise has teenage telephone predator calling random numbers and whispering film's title. Finally letting popper John Ireland who has just knocked off his wife Jean Crawford. Left Erickson, Andri Corrett, Sarah Lane.



HERCULES AGAINST THE MOONWOMEN

**THE  
CURSE OF  
THE FLY**



# DAVID McCALLUM



## The Sixtynine Show

Gopher: David McCallum  
 Fred: Robert Edwards  
 Kelly: Edward Mulhare  
 Earl: Ed Reardon  
 Carl: The Broad  
 Walt: Margaret  
 Mrs. Ives: Constance Corradi  
 Monkey: Robert Doyle  
 Debbie: Jane Randolph  
 Debbie: James Friskie  
 Debbie: Chuck Hayward, George Felling

**D**avid McCallum, the young Scottish actor who co-stars as U.N.C.L.E. agent Illya Kuryakin in NBC-TV's *THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.*, currently receives more fanmail than any other single TV personality. But how many of David's legion of fans know that their idol once created a sensation by portraying a monster?

If David had followed his father's advice, he probably would have wound up making his living in an orchestra pit instead of playing monsters and super-secret

agents. His father, a musician all his life, suggested that an actor never knows where his next meal is coming from. "Be an abso player," advised McCallum Sr., tucking his Guernsey under his chin. "Acting leaves much to be desired." David was earning only \$35 a week at the time.

Last September, McCallum Sr. arrived in New York for the beginning of a 58-city tour with English orchestra leader Mantovani. What he saw in the next eight hours was enough to make his eyes bug out.

The Scots may be stubborn, but Mr. McCallum has changed his mind about David's choice of a career.

All along the streets of Manhattan, perfect strangers ran up to embrace and congratulate "Illya." Girls gasped and squealed. The first time this happened, McCallum Sr. thought the young lady had been taken sick, but he soon realized it was teen-age adulation—commonly known as Illyomania.

Born in Glasgow, David did study the abso briefly as a child but broke away for a life in show business

Continued



The Man From  
**M.O.N.S.T.E.R.**





AIP's new T.N.T. SHOW

soon after entering his teens. He began work as an electrician in a British theater when he was only 14. "It was many years before I got to act," says David. "While I was watching and learning I did just about every job there is to do in a theater." Soon he was appearing in British motion pictures, and, shortly after coming to the United States to portray Judas in **THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD**, he reached the pre-illya pinnacle of his career by donning monster makeup for TV's **OUTER LIMITS**.

How can you see the McCallum Monster? When the syndicated reruns of **OUTER LIMITS** hit your area, keep on the lookout for an episode titled **The Sixth Finger**. The diminutive actor appears in this TV film as a translucent, machine-altered man of the future who lives by photosynthesis.


#### MCALLUM'S SIXTH FINGER

The story goes as follows: On a hill overlooking a Welsh mining town, electronic scientist Mathers (Edward Mulhare) has made astounding discoveries in the field of genetics. Working with a machine which uses high frequency electronics on a molecular level, Mathers has found a way to speed up the process of evolution. A young miner (David McCallum) volunteers to be the first human subject. The initial jolt of power has an instant effect. Immediately, he has more intelligence and understanding—and his body evolves as well. His forehead is higher, his eyes brighter . . . and his fingers, long and sensitive, now have three joints instead of two.

The stub of a sixth finger begins to grow. The evolution continues until he represents man of one million years in the future.

The incredible creation that McCallum portrayed in this 60 minute **OUTER LIMITS** show bears a startling similarity to his next motion picture role, the lead in George Pal's forthcoming color and scope production of Olaf Stapledon's **ODD JOHN**. One of science fiction's great classics, **ODD JOHN** explored the problems that Homo Sapiens will encounter with the next step in evolution. The property has been in the pre-production stages for several years, but not until dynamic David revealed his acting skills as Homo Superior in **The Sixth Finger** did our fantasist Pal realize that his search was over for an actor who could play Stapledon's superman.

—Blak Stewart



In this scene from "The New Wave Affair" as **THE MAN FROM U.M.C.L.I.**, flys doggedly prepares to deliver a heroic drop to a boxer who has just gone into a clinch. Bester seems unaware of Oriental fighting tactics.



In this scene from *OUTER LIMITS' "Face of Things Unseen"*—originally filmed as the pilot for a projected series called *THE UNKNOWN*—David McCabem appeared as Tomu Robert, a strange man with the ability to "fill" time and revive the dead.

*behind the scenes with* **FU MANCHU**



**I**n "The Face of Fu Manchu" Christopher Lee follows in the shivery Manchu footsteps of Warner Oland and Boris Karloff. Producer Oliver Unger has acquired the film rights to the Fu Manchu novels from the widow of Sax Rohmer, and the Technicolor thriller currently making the rounds is only the first of an entirely new film series starring Lee as "the most evil man in the world."

The directing chores were handled by Don Sharp, familiar to Castle readers as the director of **WITCHCRAFT** with Lon Chaney Jr. and the tastefully-done and off-beat vampire-cult film, **KISS OF THE VAMPIRE**. To rejuvenate Fu Manchu, Sharp and producer Unger took their cameras to Ireland where Dublin's historic and grim Kilmainham Jail provided a sinister setting for several sequences. Built in the late 18th Century, its network of shadowy torture chambers and claustrophobic cells were designed to cast fear into the hearts of the Irish people of the time. The cells are often referred to as "prison straitjackets," tiny unheated holes with small barred apertures near the top, packed in fiers, one circular row after another. All but two of the signers of Ireland's 1916 Proclamation of Independence were shot in the yard at Kilmainham; the exceptions were Roger Casement, who was hanged in London, and Thomas Kent, executed in Cork. The jail was abandoned in 1924 and rapidly deteriorated until, in 1960, a restoration project began—leaving the area in perfect condition for Fu Manchu art director Frank White, who converted the edifice into the palace of the High Lama of Tibet.

To create the Imperial Palace of Justice in Shanghai for another scene, White brought in a huge 5-foot Buddha, ancient Chinese pennants and a gruesome collection of execution instruments.

Birgit Lee, the attractive Danish-born wife of Chris Lee, was on hand for the "execution" of her husband. At each end of the courtyard, White had constructed curving Chinese gates, and a stark head-chopping block was situated midway between the two gates. A mandarin walked through one gate and read from a scroll the announcement of the doom of Fu



Manchu. Stretched out, waiting for the fateful ax, Christopher Lee faced the ordeal of not one, but six takes as director Sharp attempted to get the most realistic execution possible into his film. Each time the massive guillotine-like blade descended toward Chris's neck, Birgit gasped, almost forgetting that she had brought a color camera to record the experience. "It was very cold and I kept thinking that the executioner's fingers might slip, but everything turned out well," she commented. "And now I have it all for the family album."

"Even though we were acting, it was a very nerve-wracking experience," added Chris.

A few hours later and 17 miles

from Kilmainham, Chris was sitting in comfort, minus make-up, in the bar at the Montrose Hotel where he spoke about the revival of Fu Manchu for Castle of Frankenstein. "I think Fu Manchu is one of the most absorbing characters ever created. Sax Rohmer described him in one of his novels as 'one of the most gigantic and most amazingly horrible form.' That's pretty strong language, but I suppose it was quite merited."

"The more I found out about Fu Manchu by reading all the old Rohmer books the more he fascinated me, thinking how far ahead his mind was working in plotting some new scheme."

"I think it's a very good idea to keep all the new Fu Manchu



The world has been full of Fu Manchu and various oriental types—Fu's even been in full view on TV in a series of "legit" that we didn't even have the energy to get a suit (but take our word for it, it was pretty crummy). Above left is Lee playing appropriately in the recent version. Next to him is Fu's daughter by a Dutch wife. But it was the fabulous Warner Oland (below) who became the first Fu in Paramount's 1929 JURISPRUDENCE DR. JOE MANCHU with Joan Arthur. For many years, Oland remained Mankin's Number One Oriental, playing villain (Dr. Fu Yung in VERNEUCH OF LONDON, etc.) and hero—such as his immortal Charlie Chan essayed until his death in 1932 at the age of 58. Oland's fascinating storybook the fact that Oland was born a full-blooded Swede. On the opposite page is the old master, Kato, born in 1891 in front of his family, well daughter, Myrna Loy, while Charlie Chan's mother suffers on the island here in MGR's 1932 MASK OF FU MANCHU. Stewart went on to greater fame as the Danger Kid. A few years later Kato's were Oriental outcrop again in Mankin's MR. WONG series.



stories in the background and atmosphere of the 1920's the period in which they were originally created."

**THE FACE OF FU MANCHU** is the sixth picture produced by Oliver Unger in the past 18 months, and every sequence of each of these films was shot entirely on location. The **FU MANCHU** crew of 24 technicians was shooting in Dublin at the same time Richard Burton strode into town to do **THE SPY THAT CAME IN FROM THE COLD** at Ardmore Studios. Occasionally, the Unger group borrowed some accessories from Ardmore, but since they

had never intended to rent any studio space, there was no disappointment when the **SPY** unit ran far over schedule and stayed on at the studio.

Unger agrees with Lee that today's audiences are seeking the type of screen adventure that made films big business in the Twenties and Thirties. Convinced that **Fu Manchu** can be an even bigger draw now, Unger has already begun work on the second in the series with screenplays in preparation for the third and fourth **Manchu** pictures.

—Edward Pollman, *Osley*



Prior to the release of *THE FACE OF FU MANCHU*, posters like this one were everywhere in New York City during one of the hottest mayoral campaigns in the city's history. But, perhaps it was done less in jest than may be imagined—most of the candidates representing their assorted machinery were certainly ward-hoaling, lockfixator types, and old Fu was a benefactor by comparison.

# FU MANCHU



# FOR MAYOR

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE TO ELECT FU MANCHU FOR MAYOR.



# BATMAN

ORDERED BY NATIONAL FORENSIC PUBLICATIONS, INC. 1944

[illegible]



THE LAST DAYS OF  
LUGGOSI



U.S.A.'s WHITE ZOMBIE (1932)



This dramatic scene is from the stage act that took Lugosi around the world. Here he appears on one of New York's RKO theater stages in 1953.

## By William K. Everson

It's such a tradition—or cliché, if you will—among artists that real fame comes only after death, that one never really feels too sorry for a painter, or a musician, or a writer who dies—and who, a few years later, is suddenly “discovered.” Somehow, one tells oneself, they knew that one day they would be recognized. Perhaps less important, but still rather more poignant, is the case of the movie personality—be he director or player—who has known fame and adulation, who lives to see it dwindle and disappear, and then dies believing himself forgotten, only a few months or years before a renewed interest in his career and his work would have proven that the things he did so long ago were remembered and were considered of importance.

Some ten years ago, Clyde Bruckman, one of the great comedy creators of the Twenties and early Thirties, and a director for Keaton, Lloyd, W. C. Fields and others, believed himself so forgotten. Slight gag comedy had almost disappeared from the screen and his assignments had become less frequent. Nobody, he thought, could



THE APE MAN (Managroup, 1943).

possibly remember his Buster Keaton classic, *THE GENERAL*—and if they did, did they remember or care that he directed it? In this frame of mind, Bruckman borrowed a gun—and killed himself. Just a few years later, a tremendous revival of interest in the great comedies of the Twenties brought renewed honors to Keaton, Sennett and the others. *THE GENERAL* was revived throughout the world. If only he had hung on a little longer. The assignments he might have received as a comedy consultant and the odd fees for TV appearances would hardly have made him a rich man, but they could have restored his self-respect and kept him a part of the industry to which he'd devoted his life.

Oliver Hardy also died prematurely. He was not an unhappy man; he knew that his comedies still brought him the love of fans the world over. But he didn't know that within a few years the critics and historians would place the names of Laurel & Hardy where they have always belonged—on the same pedestal with Keaton and Chaplin.

*Continued*

## THE HORROR CYCLES

No genre of film had ever seemed as dead as did the horror film in the very early Fifties. To be sure, another cycle would come along one day. Cycles always repeat themselves. But it would probably be brief, and burn itself out quickly. Nobody dreamed that the cycle that began slowly and tentatively with **THE THING** and other science-fiction films would expand and multiply so that in one decade more American and British horror films would be made than in the three basic cycles (1925-28, 1931-36, 1939-44) that had preceded it. That only a handful of these new horror films (**CURSE OF THE DEMON**, **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**, **BURN WITCH BURN**, **THE INNOCENTS**) matched the classic style of earlier entries (**THE MUMMY**, **THE BLACK CAT**, **VAMPIRE**, **MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM**) is hardly relevant.

Shock was substituted for subtlety . . . blood and gore for the more eloquent method of terror by implication and suggestion. But the time was ripe for physically stronger stuff, and the teen-age market, at which the majority of films are now aimed, was more interested in sensation than in mood. Horror films became big business again, backed and built by accessories—magazines like *Castle of Frankenstein*, masks,

makeup kits, plastic models, stills, home movies—which turned the whole thing into an unending and profitable circle.

Bela Lugosi, a sick and tired man, died just as this resurgence of interest in the horror film was beginning. In a few more years he'd have been lionized, as Karloff and Vincent Price are today. That worthwhile film roles would have been forthcoming is a foregone conclusion . . . but more important would have been the boost to Lugosi's pride. Too often those who have slipped or fallen, whose careers appear to be over, forget that Hollywood is the first place where one is forgotten. The cities and towns and small villages around the world are the last places to forget. How many times have I talked with veteran filmmakers in retirement and "at liberty" and seen that look of disbelief when I mention with respect their work of perhaps 40 years ago. First there is the assumption that one is just being polite, then gradually the realization that one really cares—and then the eyes light up and the stories come forth as though they were enacted only yesterday.

## LUGOSI IN THE FIFTIES

Since Lugosi's death, a number of his associates and "closest friends" have come out with stories about him—some, possibly out of

*Continued*



A candid shot of Lugosi and Bela Jr.

The gregarious Mr. Lugosi surrounded by wife and friends in a gathering that typified his mood and environment during the early Fifties. From left to right, Alex Gordon, Bela, Lillian Lugosi, Richard Gordon and film historian William K. Everson.



"Mr. Vampire" in THE LEGION OF THE  
VAMPIRE (Columbia, Tri-0.)





Lugosi displayed warm affection for producer Richard Gordon, who planned the touring stage act.

respect and love, more I suspect because it makes good saleable copy. There have even been some deplorable lapse of taste in hawking and selling copies of his letters and his personal effects. I can't claim to be a close or long-time friend of Lugosi, but I did know him well and saw him frequently for a sad six-month period in the early Fifties when he was living in New York and trying hard for that all-important comeback. I met him through two fine and gentlemanly young producers, Richard and Alex Gordon, who have since gone on to become noted producers of horror films (and others) themselves. The Gordons, who had known Bela for some years, had been kind and generous to him—not only helping him with personal business problems but also trying to get Bela worthwhile film roles again.

In the long weeks while deals were waiting to fall, we'd see a lot of Bela, who was then living in the Woodward Hotel at Broadway and 55th Street. Much of the time would be spent in the old European restaurants on the East Side—the Tokay and the Viennese Lantern—that invariably put Bela into a mellow mood. Getting him to talk about his movies was not easy however; he'd launch into a fascinating story about the shooting of **WHITE ZOMBIE** and then, at the crucial point, break off. "Oh, it's all past," he'd say. "It doesn't matter any more."

There were few of his films that he really liked. **DRACULA** of course,

and **WHITE ZOMBIE**. He had a great respect for the speed and efficiency with which the Halperrin brothers made that minor classic—and an envy for all the money they'd made out of it while he had only signed for a flat salary—the appallingly low sum of around \$500 dollars! A noted stage actor in his own land—in the Twenties—he regarded himself, and not in a boastful sense, as the equivalent of John Barrymore. He resented the cheap horror films he was forced to appear in, envied the greater success of Boris Karloff and never understood where he had gone wrong.

Obviously, he was badly advised in his earlier days—to go straight from prestige films like **DRACULA** to poverty row quickies like **THE DEATH KISS**, where his name was given star billing but his role was little more than a red-herring bit—was sheer madness. Karloff was both a better business man and a finer more versatile actor. Lugosi quite honestly never realized this. All he knew was that his films had made money when they were first released—continued to make money in constant reissues—and he never saw another nickel from any of them. And since he was down on his luck then, it obviously made him unhappy to talk too much about the past.

The trick was to get him in a happy receptive frame of mind at one of his favorite Hungarian restaurants. As the wine flowed his good spirits soared, and for a

while at least, his stories of the good old days flowed and soared too—sometimes a little romanticized, but free of bitterness and full of fond remembrances of the "good old days." He'd lapse into a kind of trance as he answered questions and recalled anecdotes, but it was a deceiving facade. Once at the Tokay, the girl singer bounced around a little too energetically, and the whole front of her gown fell away. The view was hardly spectacular, although in 1952 it could have been considered a genuine accident and not a gimmick. Bela, however, roused from his reveries instantly, and whirled around to take in the sights much as he whirled around on Renfield when he cut his finger on the paper clip!

But the period when one could "pump" Lugosi was brief: two or three more drinks of potent Hungarian wine and a new mood took over—total nostalgia for the pre-Hollywood days. Now he would get sad and wistfully poetic, frequently talking of death—not in a morbid sense, but in as sense that his life and his work were behind him, and there was nothing more to look forward to but that.

### LUGOSI'S STAGE ACT

During this period, Lugosi had debts that he was desperately and honorably trying to pay off—and just as John Barrymore had done, he took work in which he literally parodied his screen self. He was booked into a horror show in movie

Continued

In 1943 "Jungle"  
Sam Jefferson  
and Jack Dietz  
put 2-10 in a  
Monograph bomb  
wired THE LIFE  
MAIL to assassinate  
the ever lovable  
Minerva Urecal.





Lugosi stirs a potent brew as **THE MYSTERIOUS MR. WONG** (Manogram, 1935).

theatres around New York. First the theatre would run one of his movies—alas, one of the poorer ones, one that could be booked for a minimum rental, usually one of the abortions like **THE APE MAN** that Sam Katzman had made for Manogram—and then Lugosi, on stage, would do a horror act. This sketch hardly seemed to be written at all and merely consisted of Lugosi playing around in a laboratory with a giant gorilla and a manacled girl. The poor quality of the film had done nothing to give Lugosi an audience build-up. And in this era before the horror film had “come back,” the kids in the audience knew nothing of the serious work that Lugosi had done so reception to the act was noisy and seldom respectful. Lugosi knew it was a wretched act and hated doing it, but at the time it was his only income. In his performance,

he gave the act far more than it deserved—but no matter whether it was well or badly received, he was always embarrassed when he left the theatre. Once, accidentally, the embarrassment spread to Alex Gordon too. Alex seemed short when standing side by side with the towering Lugosi, and the audience, thinking that he had played the grotesque ape in the act, shouted their farewells to “Ygor!”

Fortunately at this time Richard Gordon was able to finalize the deal that sent Lugosi to England to make a film—and, incidentally, to tour with **DRACULA** on the stage once more. Bela brought in a few gentle modern wisecracks (involving customs clearance for the coffins, and similar pleasantries) but otherwise played the old classic straight. Audiences loved it—and Lugosi felt he was on the way back,

The film that he was to make was called **OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE**, though in America it was to be called **VAMPIRE OVER LONDON**. Its basic idea was borrowed from **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**—the mixture of comedy and thrills, a horror star with established comedy stars. Old Mother Riley was a popular British comic character—a peppery old Irishwoman with a Donald Duck-like temper and a pretty daughter to take care of romantic complications. “She” was played by a man, Arthur Lucan, who had originated the role in British music halls, and daughter Kitty was played by Kitty McShane, actually Lucan’s wife who was approximately his own age. (Both have since died.) The Mother Riley films had started in the late Thirties as fast and often inventive slapstick, but they had degenerated badly by the late Forties. They were still reasonably popular, especially in the provinces and the music hall areas, but they had become standard second-feature fodder, on the same level of minor importance as the Bowery Boys comedies in America.

With Lugosi to give the series a shot in the arm though, it was hoped that **OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE** would restore the series to prominence again. Accordingly, it was given production values such as hadn’t been lavished on the old dame for at least ten years. The camerawork was good, care was taken to build up the mood lighting for Lugosi’s big scenes and the laboratory sets and equipment were ingenious and quite impressive. Lugosi’s part was good, and, as in **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, allowed him to play his menace straight. Which is just as well, for Lugosi—who had never had much of a sense of humor and had never understood the fast patter thrown at him by Wallace Ford, Kay Kyser and others in American films, and who in addition was by now a little deaf—could never have understood more than a fraction of the brawling chatter that was Old Mother Riley’s stock in trade.

### LUGOSI’S RETURN

The film turned out surprisingly well, and it featured the last “class” role that Lugosi was to have. Its release in the United States was impeded however by the dubious marketability of Old Mother Riley—whose humor is so regional that it is by no means widely popular



even in England. One could hardly expect it to be understood, let alone appreciated, in the far reaches of Dubuque, LaGrange or Fort Worth. For a while it was planned to shoot an entirely new story with Lugosi around the old Lugosi footage from the film. When he died, a fresh idea was to use his basic footage only as a flashback within another quite different horror story. In its original version, it has been bought for the U.S. market, and it, I understand, available for release now. Its distribution hold-up hinged upon the selection of a marketable title, but one which did not altogether conceal the fact that it is a horror-spoof rather than a straight spine-chiller!

I did not see Lugosi again after his return from England. We corresponded casually. He identified some stills I had discovered of his old German films. Once, when I found a superb old 35mm toned and tinted print of one of his German silents under its American title (**DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT**), I sent him a detailed synopsis and he identified it (as **THE DANCE ON THE VOLCANO**) and sent some production information, which, along with the print itself, has now been donated to the George Eastman House, America's foremost film archive and museum, in Rochester, New York.

The anticipated comeback did not materialize. Lugosi's sojourn in England was profitable and heartening. Fans applauded again. Newspapers interviewed him. Once more he was a star of stage and screen. But back in this country, only a few more film roles followed, all unworthy. Lugosi was ill—really ill—and the last years of his life are too well known and too painful to need repetition here. It's sad that Lugosi isn't still with us to enjoy the adulation that would unquestionably be his today. But I cannot help but think of the frustration he would undergo too. Everywhere he'd see his old movies on tv, his pictures in the horror magazines, his likeness on masks, models, and other current gimmicks. He'd scratch his open palm sorrowfully (an old mannerism of his) and ask quizzically, "But where's the money?" Then he'd probably light the enormous cigar that he was never without, down a few glasses of Bavarian beer, and say "All right, so now I'll tell you about the time I was supposed to play the Frankenstein monster, and I took James Whale aside and said . . ."

—WILLIAM K. EVERTS



# Michel Parry Interviews



CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB

**It** MAY BE MY imagination, but, from a distance, Bray Studios look suitably like a small vampire castle rising out of the peaceful English countryside. Upon closer view, it consists of a ramble of large sheds (tooling rooms, film storage, workshops, etc.) dominated by a large country house. It is in the heart of this mansion that the makeup department lies. At first glance, it is alarmingly like a dentist's office with its chair and equipment. Roy Ashton, middle-aged and graying, is at once a commanding presence. His conversation sparkles with good natured banter; it is only when he pontificates upon some difficult aspect of his art that he becomes serious. Seated in his dentist's chair and equipped with a mechanical tape recorder, I interviewed him for *Castle of Frankenstein*.

**CoF:** First of all, Mr. Ashton, is your work as a makeup artist confined to horror films?

**ASHTON:** No, not just horror films. It so happens that I have been associated with Hammer films over the last 25 or 30 productions. I work on others as well, but I like this because there's more challenge.

**CoF:** Do you intend to specialize in horror films?

**ASHTON:** Well no. It's been my fortune that I came into contact with Hammer when this became popular, so I developed my own ways of going about them. Recently, I did a film that was not for Hammer, but it was also a horror film—Doctor Terror's House of Horrors with Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. The plot concerns four or five people as a team journey. One of them is an unusual man called Dr. Terror who produces a pack of cards and tells the fortunes of each of these young men. These are five smaller stories within the larger story. I thought it was an excellent picture.

Continued

# Roy Ashton Monster Makeup Master of Hammer Films



Roy Ashton at work on a plaster cast of Vivid Kingpin (not of this scene but The Monster in LEVEL OF FRANKENSTEIN)



The macabre mask created by Ashton for Sheila Barrill in PARANOIAC



The fiery climax of **THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH**

CoF: Boris Karloff once said, "Without my makeup man, I am nothing." Do you think that applies to many horror stars?

ASHTON: Well, I think it is a very modern statement. He is a charming man, and it is very kind of him to give so much credit to his makeup artist. He is a wonderful artist himself as an actor, but I certainly think that a makeup artist can contribute greatly in the appearance. Really, it depends on a combination of both.

CoF: What do you think of the work of Jack Pierce, to whom Karloff was referring?

ASHTON: Well, it so happens that Boris Karloff came to England shortly after he made the original film, and he told me about Mr. Pierce. Although I never met him, I have a very great admiration indeed for his work. Wonderful! I think the concept of the Frankenstein Monster as imagined by Pierce and Karloff was just right. They made the character a very sympathetic one.

CoF: I think that the Karloff monster had a completely inhuman appearance which magnified the creature's human soul. The earlier Hammer Frankenstein Monsters seemed less monsters in appearance than disfigured men. In *End of Frankenstein* you have reverted to the original concept. Was this intentional?

ASHTON: Yes, I think so, the idea being to capture the sympathy rather than... this assembly of limbs and fingers and bits and... a screw-up machine with the bolts thrown in. The producer really wanted it to look as if it had been made up of corpses from the graveyard. Oh yes, I think the romance of the little girl and her relationship with the monster certainly wonned sympathy.

CoF: A lot of your films have been remakes. Does this make it harder to create an original makeup?

ASHTON: No, I don't think so. You use your own initiative on the matter. You're not bound too strictly to established makeup. I draw up my own, and as long as I carry out the intention of the producer, all is well.

CoF: One of your films, *The Phantom of the Opera*, was a remake of a Lon Chaney classic. What do you think of Chaney as a master of makeup?

ASHTON: Wonderful! Wonderful! I used to admire him very much. I remember particularly the original *Phantom* which I saw when I was young. There were a couple of young men sitting on the edges of their seats next to me and when the girl disclosed his face, it was such a violence shock that they fell straight off onto the floor. Women were carried out screaming... eh, it was marvelous! Naturally, today we don't use the painful methods that he submitted himself to.

CoF: I recently heard a Special Effects man say that he could no longer enjoy a fantasy film because he knew how everything was done. Does this apply to makeup men?

ASHTON: I don't think so... I don't think it applies to all special effects men either. If you go along looking for technical matters, the film is not going to give you a great deal of pleasure. I must admit that I've gone along to see some prints of makeup that I'd heard about—er felt that I ought to know about—on some very good film, and I've come out and suddenly realized that I'd forgotten why I went in. Because I'd enjoyed the film so much... it was good

entertainment! It took your mind entirely away from technical matters. I think that if they stick out too much there's something wrong with them. I don't think a person should look obviously made up... girls shouldn't look too overdone.

CoF: Do you like horror films yourself?

ASHTON: Yes, I do.

CoF: Have you a favorite?

ASHTON: I don't think I have. I like the lot. I saw a very good one recently, *X—The Man With The X-Ray Eyes*. They used a black contact lens... an idea which I suggested for *Evil of Frankenstein*, but the producer didn't like it. The effect in *X-Ray Eyes* was terrific!

CoF: Have you a formula for a successful horror makeup?

ASHTON: No, it varies from film to film. I plan my work by the script—and, of course, the producer's wishes.

CoF: How much time are you given to prepare a project?

ASHTON: Usually I know some months in advance what is likely to take place. But before I can work on it I must be given a complete script. Then the actual time that I spend can vary from two or three days to a month.

CoF: Jack Pierce's werewolf makeup for *Lon Chaney Jr.* took as long as six hours each day. Do you ever spend this amount of time?

ASHTON: Six hours! Goodness, no! The maximum time is probably about two and a half hours. In any case, the producer would never allow it.

CoF: President Hyman's makeup in *The Gorgon* with its writhing crown of snakes seems very complex... a veritable tri-

ough of makeup. Was this your most difficult project?

ASHTON: No, I don't think so. . . I can remember a couple that gave me more headaches. One of the very early ones was a film version of the play *The Man At Hell Moon Street* . . . I think it was called *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*—that was very difficult. Aston Giffing, I remember, used to come in the morning and he wouldn't come out for about two and a half hours . . . then he would emerge with goodness-only-knows-what on him—plastic eyeballs and all the rest of it. *Curse of the Werewolf* was a difficult one too—very difficult indeed. That took a long time because we had to saw right down to the waist. That was very complex.

Continued

Ashton created the vampire teeth  
for *HORROR OF DRACULA*



Ashton sketch shows transformation of actor into the **CURSE OF THE WOLFMAN**.



**Col:** You seem to strive for authenticity in your makeup. The vampire teeth in *King of the Vampires*, for instance, were made by a dentist, I believe?

**ASHTON:** Yes, that's right; some of them were. I made some of them myself, but it takes a long time! You must weigh the amount of time you can give to one aspect of the job. When you have five or six different characters who require teeth you sometimes have to submit them. I have a dentist friend who is very good and takes a great interest in seeing that things are anatomically correct. You have to be precise about the shapes of teeth and be able to distinguish between the various kinds and, say, where it comes in the jaw. You have to be anatomically correct! That applies to the whole body, of course.

**Col:** What do you use for blood? Not ketchup?

**ASHTON:** Blood? Well, you can use quite a number of different substances. A "blood" is made up by Max Factor which is very good stuff indeed. It congeals, and has a wonderful color. The colors vary slightly according to camera shots. If you are using black and white you can use goosebarn-koona-what. Coffee essence, for instance, is a very good thing.

**Col:** What is your advice for would-be makeup artists?

**ASHTON:** You must be sure that that is what you want to be and not underestimate the requirements for the work. You must be able to draw and to model; you must be deft with your fingers. And you must have a good pair of eyes and watch what goes on around you as you wander down the street. You must be able to observe people and size them up, guess what they do for a living . . . why some people have lines on the forehead. Some people are always smiling and have little wrinkles around the eyes; some are miserable and their mouths turn down a little bit. You can't generalize, but you very often have a pretty good idea of what people are crying around in their soul!

When I'm abroad I like strolling about with a camera, looking at people, photographing those with interesting faces or personalities when they aren't looking. I get many ideas for characters in this way. Above all, you have to have a good deal of general knowledge and be able to tackle anything—winking, for instance. When I started I couldn't sew, and I used to stay up for long hours practicing sewing the wigs. It's not always easy to find

work other, but those with perseverance always manage somehow.

**Col:** Have there ever been any amusing incidents during your work?

**ASHTON:** I don't know about that . . . except when Christopher Lee waddles around in his vampire teeth snoring the director out of everybody. I have sometimes put content issues on my own eyes to give people a bit of a shake. For the most part, the artists, particularly Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, are very disciplined actors. They come in on time, and after an exchange of pleasantries perhaps, we sit down and get on with the work. You cannot waste time, you cannot be late on the set.

**Col:** Lastly, have you anything to say to the readers of *Castle of Frankenstein*?

**ASHTON:** I'd like to thank them for their interest in my work, and I feel very honored that Michel should come down here to interview me on their behalf. I suggest that all the subscribers should get together and buy him a necklace, perhaps a Rolex-Royce, so that he can make the difficult journey down here more often.

The interview terminated, my host showed me around his domain. He showed me some of sketches for his makeup, detailing the step-by-step procedures. A

collection of anatomical photographs of a wolf in a museum attest to Ashton's ease for detail and accuracy. Among sketches for *Curse of the Werewolf*, *House of Fear*, *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* and *The Evil of Frankenstein* were some from *The Rape of Sabine*, a proposed Hammer Film dealing with the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. *Rape of Sabine* has never been made for fear of offending the Catholic church.

In the adjoining room which serves as both makeup workshop and hairdressing department, I was shown a plaster cast of actors' faces—used to build up Oriental features for *The Secret of Blood Island*. From a cupboard tumbled a writhing mass of arms and hands—like a quick cut from an early Banned film. Delving into a drawer, Ashton withdrew two neatly labeled test tubes containing . . . *Dracula's teeth*? and the canines of a young lady werewolf used in *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*. Skillfully made, the vampire tooth clip on over the actor's own. A handsome selection of ready-made vampire hats were also on display.

Ugliers in a storeroom are kept the gruesome relics of Roy Ashton's past. Oliver Reed's mask from *Curse of the Werewolf* lay check by gray jowl with a plaster cast of Christopher Lee's. Out of large cardboard boxes spilled more treasures—the grinning features of *The Mummy* from *Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*, masks from *Perseus* and *Kiss of the Vampire*, its mouth dabbed with 'blood' by sacrilegious publicity men, Kiri Kingdon's mask from *Evil of Frankenstein*. A pained look appeared on Roy's face when he discovered this misadventure of his work.

I next saw two of the monster's "hands" from *Evil*. One, heavily padded and reinforced with metal, was used by Kingdon to smash a window. The other, like a wooden glove, was used to obtain a close-up of the creature when he unknowingly placed his hand in a flaming gas jet.

Some of Ashton's tricks, like the transformation of Oliver Reed's head to a furry wolflike paw and the animation of the Gorgon's head of snakes, were made known to me. But, unfortunately, these are professional secrets and cannot be divulged in *CoE*.

As he showed me over the studios, Ashton told me some of his own ideas for future horror films. His favorite is a project concerning a tribe of savage headhunters who cut off the heads of their enemies which they shrink—and then gild as well! Hammer's man of many makeups has had some experience with shrunken heads, having once made one to amuse his friends. Producer Anthony Hinds should take note of some of Roy's ideas.

An enjoyable three and a half hours ended when I made my leave of Ashton, having first presented him with a copy of the Hammer Film issue of our French counterpart, *MIDG-MINUTE FANTASTIQUE*, on behalf of its editor. (He was immensely pleased, as many of the stills from his films reproduced in the magazine have been lost or buried in a recent fire at the studio.)

The studio's four sound stages lay quiet and deserted; work on *Secret of Blood Island* was not to commence until the following week. It seems one of the Great Mysteries of Filmland how the dingy henget-like stages of Bray Studios can be transformed, almost magically, into the sumptuous and atmospheric sets which abound in Hammer films. That it is possible is, in itself, a tribute to the artistry of the men behind the scenes.

—Michel Perry



Sketch by Ashton (above) shows final werewolf makeup. The completed makeup (below)—Oliver Reed as the werewolf.



## HAMMER



At Bray Studios (above), Hammer Film director Don Sharp takes a coffee break with producer Anthony Nelson Keys and lighting cameraman Arthur Grant. Coffee is all part of the daily grind. During a street market sequence for *RASPUTIN*, Keys (below) seems more than cheerful with the progress of cast and crew. Based on a screenplay by John Elder, the fictionalized biography follows the notorious Mad Monk's rise to power, from remote Siberia to the luxury of the Tsarina's court.



Last July 28th I boarded a jet at Kennedy bound for one of the world's most elegant cities—London. In addition to scolding a leased-for-via to their green city, I purposed to produce a reworking of Bruce Stoker's classic tale, *Dracula*, mounted by the magnetic actor who has most recently played the title role in film, Mr. Christopher Lee.

Lee, who now resides in London after a year or so abroad in Switzerland, proved to be the most hospitable and gracious actor I've ever known. He, his lovely Danish wife, Birgit, and their dachshund two-year-old daughter, Christina are a warm and charming family. Their home, a spacious apartment in the southwest section of London, was until recently, right next door to none other than Mr. Boris Karloff. A nasty shock for trick-or-treaters, no doubt.

Lee is one of the few modern actors who has schooled himself thoroughly for his profession. He speaks four languages fluently and is a quite capable mimic of any accent in English. His spare periods of leisure are preferably spent going to cricket matches, golfing, or listening to classical music. He is also a voracious reader and consequently, quite articulate. Indisputable of his skill is the fact that he read the *Dracula* script I brought to him, once silently, once aloud, and then savored the finished take or tape, all in the space of two and one-half hours.

My second objective in London was, happily, a complete tour of Hammer Studios at Bray. Lee kindly arranged the trip for me through Anthony Nelson Keys, an associate producer at Hammer.

In approximately an hour we reached Windsor, where we were met by a studio car and driven to Bray in a scant ten minutes. As the car drove down the narrow dirt road I spied Castle Dracula, or what must have been Castle Dracula, for it was in the process of being removed and a new set was going up in its place.

Once the car pulled into the studio yard and Tony and I were met by Mr. Kelly, the studio manager. Hammer is the most amazing film studio I have ever seen. The entire studio consists of three main sound stages and two exterior sets, which were then fashioned as Castle Dracula, and the market place from Lee's forthcoming film, *Rasputin*. Both exterior sets are built onto the actual front of the studio workshops. Although the sets are quite small, they do not appear that way at all on screen.

Mr. Kelly then led us to another workshop where I found to my amazement that the exterior sets, as well as most heavy props, such as Dracula's coffin are built of plaster. Having brought my camera, I gladly received Hammer's permission to freely photograph the sets.

The interior sets we were escorted through next by Mr. Kelly, had been used in the filming of *Rasputin*. As we spoke, some workmen began removing props and furniture, as others started to repair the walls. That same sound stage was being redecorated for a scene from *Plague of the Zombies*, with André Morell.

Shortly we were called to the studio canteen where we were joined by Tony Keys for lunch. Across the room sat André Morell and the rest of the cast of *Plague of the Zombies*, deeply engrossed in discussing the afternoon shooting schedule. During lunch we were introduced to Reg Williams, who works in the publicity department at Bray. After our meal, Reg was to take us to an interior set for a fight scene in which André Morell battled one of the zombie leaders. We walked to the set. Here an astonishing thing occurred. In the scene were nothing





Chris Lee lies on rehearsed blanket as director Shepp (in wind-chester) and cameraman Grant (far right) prepare to film the death of RASPUTIN. Others in cast include Barbara Shelley, Susan Farmer, Richard Passie and Francis Matthews.

bet four walls and a bare floor. Within twenty minutes it was an English pub with a bar, lockers, chairs, tables, carpets, pictures and various lick-a-lace. The cameras and crew came in, and the scene was put in the can after three takes.

Next on the list, we met Hammer's make-up artist, Ray Ashton, who kindly took about an hour out of his day to explain some of his tricks and methods. We looked through his many sketchbooks of horrific make-up jobs, and recognized many faces, such as Oliver Reed and Herbert Lom. Mr. Ashton explained that after his preliminary sketches of the intended make-up effect, he makes a life mask of the actor or actress on whom he is working. He pointed to the many shelves that lined the walls of the room. These are plaster by Christopher Lee, Herbert Lom, Noel Kingston. Once a life mask is made, the actor will never again have to go through the grueling process another time, that is, at Hammer.

After thanking Mr. Ashton for his time and information, we returned once more to the set. There we were entertained for some

time by André Morell, who was taking a breather between scenes. We talked briefly about his film, and then discussed things far removed from the movie industry. I found Mr. Morell a vivacious and very humorous man whose interests branch in varied directions.

Then we walked through a large field of yellowing grass to the site of the infamous Castle Dracula. As I mentioned earlier, the set was being removed as the exterior street scene for the zombie picture could be erected. I was shown where the ice had been for Christopher Lee's dramatic death fall through it in *Prince of Darkness*.

Shortly after we went to Hammer's warehouse. There were stored the props from many of the Hammer classics: the photographs of Klaus from the 1959 production of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, skeletons and ladies in various stages of decay. I guessed that most of these had been used in the current film. She is a more mundane category, there were old paintings by the hundreds, tables, chairs, and every imaginable piece of furniture from the Victorian era.

As we left the warehouse, I spied a familiar shape. Broccoli's coffin from his chapel grotto lay on the lot ready to be stored away. I seized the opportunity and shot a picture of it.

By this time the afternoon was drawing to a close and one of our final stops was the wardrobe department. Here were kept the famous caps from *Grease*, *Rasputin's* giant fur coat, hats, trousers, wigs, fangs, and a general you-name-it-they-have-it.

Ray then led us past the sets to his office upstairs in the main building. We then returned to the canteen for an afternoon nap of coffee, and prepared for the hour long trip back to London.

We gave our many thanks to Mr. Kelly, Terry Hault, Gary Keys, and Reg Williams for their warm hospitality, and we climbed into the shade car.

As we passed Wladimir's stately town, Britain's greatest movie-magicians shook me once again—Wladimir Castle lies almost within sight of a growing motion picture industry at Bray.

—Russ Jones

Lugosi and Karloff in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal, 1939).





# Frankenstein

## TV movieguide

**What Horror-Fantasy Films Are Released to TV? To Answer This Question, CoF's "Frankenstein TV Movieguide" Rolls On!**



CIRCUS OF HORRORS

For those of you who tuned in late, we use this space each issue to deal with the enormous number of schizophrenic motion pictures now playing on television. Which one worth seeing? Which ones?

Having covered "A" and "B" movies in previous issues, we're listing "C" plus this time as we continue to work our way through the alphabet. Already, letters have started to accumulate from eager fans who inform us that they now buy two copies of each CoF—one copy for their collection and another as they see it on TV. "Frankenstein TV Movieguide" as it becomes available.

—Editor

**CABIN IN THE SKY** (99 min.—MGM—1942). Negro fantasy about a duel between the Devil and heaven. Lena Horne, Rochester, Ethel Waters, Duke Ellington.

**CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI**, THE (80 min.—1919). The great German silent classic, directed by Robert Weine, shouldn't be missed by anyone who calls himself a horror fan. This TV version, copyrighted in 1955 by the Attorney General's office, has a special music track. Written by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz. Costed Valde, Werner Krauss, E.E. Dugover. (See comparison with 1963 remake in Cef #12.)

**CALLING DR. DEATH** (60 min.—Univ.—1943). Competitively played and neatly plotted "Inner Sanctum Mystery." See Cherry Ramsey Ames, Patricia Morison, J. Carroll Nash. (See Cef #16 for plot and more details.)

**CALISTO, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER** (75 min.—AA—1946). Brite, but fairly engaging. Mercifully banes film about enormous skin which consumes humans and anything else unfortunate enough to get in its way. Badly dubbed John Marlowe, Ode Sullivan.

**CAVE ON BLOOD ISLAND, THE** (81 min.—Col.—1958). Who got so away with it in one lity-bitty camp? Carl Mohner, André Morell.

**CANDLES AT NINE** (83 min.—Alex—1946). Moody British mystery in strange house has unusual series of murders. Jessie Matthews, John Stewart, Beatrix Lehman.

**CANNIBAL ATTACK** (69 min.—Col.—1954). Jungle film investigates cannibal thefts. Johnny Weissmuller.

**CANTERBURY GHOST, THE** (95 min.—MGM—1944). Charles Laughton is magnificently funny as cursed cowardly ghost doomed to haunt castle until he finds descendant (Robert Young) to free him. Directed by John "Tephot" Davis. Based on Oscar Wilde story. Margaret O'Brien.

**CAPE CANAVERAL MONSTERS, THE** (69 min.—CGM—1960). Even if the title of this film was changed to *The Cape Kennedy Monsters*, it would still be busy Scott Peters, Linda Cornell, Jason Johnson, Katherine Viner.

**CAPTAIN KID** (83 min.—UA—1943). Hammer-like costume piracy epic with sense of humor which works nicely because of performances by Charles Laughton and John Carradine, Barbara Britton, Randolph Scott.

**CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN** (50 min.—Univ.—1943). Fair horror thriller with lots of stark shots. Mad scientist John Carradine transforms ape into beautiful girl. Quite a trick, but film is slightly better than might be expected. Acquaintance, Wilson Brane, Lloyd Corrigan, Evelyn Ashers.

Continued



**CARNIVAL OF SOULS** (71 min.—Meris—1921). Don't miss this low-budget, surprisingly imaginative, sometimes spine-chilling fantasy. Girl who "survives" accident wanders through spirit world of strange figures on the barren between life and death. So-so acting, but highly effective script and continuity. Made independently in Lawrenceville, Kansas, by Industrial Movietone. Constance Hilligan, Frances Pratt, Sidney Seeger.

**CARDUCCI** (128 min.—Fox—1954). Melvyn Frank's fantasy. Lillian was the source for this film version of the Bergson and Musset's musical. Hero saves his friend from observing his daughter's progress. Charming fantasy opening with "The Stormmaker" (which was not part of the original stage production). Mickey Jones, Gordon MacRae, Constance Mitchell, Coker.

**CARTOUCHE** (115 min.—Eekberry—1957). Philippe de Broca's parody of costume epics sometimes buckles when it should swing, but it's great fun nevertheless. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale, Coker.

**CASTLE OF BLOOD** (99 min.—Worner—1921). Man attempts to spend night in castle to see but You know what happens next. Barbara Stanwick, George Revillon.

**CASTLE OF TERROR**. See: Castle of Blood.

**CASTLE OF THE LIVING DEAD** (88 min.—A1—1964). Chateaux horror not yet seen in U.S. theaters but released to TV as we go to press.

**CAT CREEPS**, THE (88 min.—U1—1946). Atmosphere but weak psychological horror. Teen-age girls' soul is cat. Douglas Fairbanks hovers in background in nice supporting performance. Paul Kelly, Lois Collier, Hugh Henry, Jr.

**CAT PEOPLE**, THE (78 min.—EKO—1942). Suspenseful Val Lewton supernatural drama. Simone Simon is young bride who refuses to make love to her husband because she thinks she is turning into a panther. Tense and effective—real milestone in the history of screen fantasy. Kate Smith, Tom Conway.

**CATANOW OF PARIS** (85 min.—Rep.—1946). Thriller about mysterious killings attributed to cat-woman. A sort of "Swiss-Idiot" story. Carl Brenner, Adele Mara, Lenore Aubert, Douglas Dumbrille.

**CATWOMEN OF THE MOON** (68 min.—Kovine—1954). Screen-adapted lugubrious space opera. Lunar explorers discover first case of feline beauties on dark side of moon. Also killed by rocket to the Moon. Jerry Tufts, Marie Windsor, Victor Jory.

**CAUGHT** (88 min.—MGM—1949). Psychopath (James Mason) married to model (Barbara Bel Geddes) in nightmare relationship. Mason creates frightening terror and suspense. Robert Ryan.

**CHAMBER OF HORRORS** (99 min.—Moro—1941). Grimdark murders in hideous tortures chamber where Lucile Banks recreates his famous Most Dangerous Game so-called role under somewhat watered-down conditions. Lili Palmer.

**CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR** (99 min.—U1—1952). Prophetic satire as girles takes over an epic show. Includes Vincent Price's best comedy performance. Film's view of Madison Avenue has brave New World flavor. Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm, Art Linkletter.

**CHANDU** (65 min.—Prin—1934). Early fantasy thriller shows age with dated techniques and acting. Interesting as historical piece but plot nonsense about people marooned on

island ruled by mad high priest falls to generate much excitement. Continued from last half of serial. Based on Chanda, Raja Lugol, Madia Alka, Dena Baner.

**CHANDU AND THE MAGIC ISLE**. See: Chanda

**CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OPERA** (88 min.—Fox—1936). Catch this for Karioff's amazingly excellent performance as damaged former opera star. Warner Oland.

**CHARLES CHAH AT THE WAX MUSEUM** (88 min.—Fox—1940). Slight but atmospheric tale of gangster waiting to kill Chan in moody wax museum. Sidney Toler, Max Lawrence.

**CHARLIE CHAN IN CASTLE IN THE DESERT** (65 min.—Fox—1940). Chan investigates weird happenings in castle. Sidney Toler.

**CHARLIE CHAN IN CITY IN DARKNESS** (74 min.—Fox—1939). Chan encounters the "super-natural." Sidney Toler, Lynn Bari.

**CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON** (72 min.—Fox—1934). Outstanding science fiction touches as Chan seeks secret plot in London. Warner Oland, Roy Milland, Mona Barrie.

**CHARLIE CHAN IN THE BLACK CAMEL** (73 min.—Fox—1937). Trouble grounds along the Nile as Chan investigates weird murder and encounter Egyptian cases. Warner Oland, Robert Young, Rita Hayworth, Kaye Lutz.

**CHASE**, THE (88 min.—UA—1946). Lame is gory in this neatly-done murder thriller. Robert Cummings, Michele Morgan.

**CHRISTMAS CAROL**, A (89 min.—MGM—1938). Stylish but dated Hollywood version of Dickens' famous classic about the ghosts of Christmas. Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, Lee G. Carroll, Terry Kilburn.



**CURSE OF THE DOLL PEOPLE**  
—just released to TV by AIP.



CURIOUS, BEAST OF THE AMAZON

**CHRISTMAS CAROL**, A (86 min.—UA—1981). Excellent and superior British version of the Dickens' fantasy. A dastard Alastair Sim, Kathleen Harrison, Jack Warden.

**CHUMP AT OXFORD**, A (63 min.—UA—1940). Laurel and Hardy's parody of the 1928 Yank et O'Farrell Jekyll-Hyde-styled character transformations make this Laurel's greatest film performance. Watch for Peter Cushing in small supporting role as an upperclassman.

**CIRCUS OF HORRORS** (90 min.—AI—1960). Battering-ramtong leapt plastic surgeon keeps on bashing the job. Anton Drifling, Brian Benbenberg, Yvonne Monlaur, Jane Hylton. Color.

**CITIZEN KANE** (119 min.—RKO—1941). Orson Welles directed and acted in one of the most's greatest achievements. Fantasy-like atmosphere includes Kane's gothic castle retreat, Xanadu, and reporter's Kafka-like quest for the meaning of "rosebud." Because of TV's present technical limitations, KANE

should be seen on a big theatre screen for full appreciation. Joseph Cotten, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, Dorothy Conington, Ruth Warrick, George "The Women-Eater" Coulter.

**CITY BENEATH THE SEA** (87 min.—Univ.—1932). Melodramatic search for sunken city occasionally has nice underwater photography. Robert Ryan, Mela Poppers, Anthony Quinn. Color.

**CLIMAX, TIME** (86 min.—Univ.—1944). This follow-up to the 1943 *Phantom of the Opera* was filmed on some sets with Suzanne Packer in virtually the same role. But instead of Phantom, Karlhoff repeats his Charlie Chan as the Opera characterisation in a Svergal-like tale of evil Impresario who mesmerizes beautiful singer. Furkan Bay. Color.

**CLUTCHING HAND, THE** (65 min.—Wels—1936). Tale of modern alchemy has a few good moments. Jack Mulhall, Horlon Shilling.

**COBRA WOMAN** (71 min.—Univ.—1944). Action-packed colorful jungle fantasy adventure scattering an battle between twin sisters Madia Warner and Madia Mantex for control of tropical island. Jan Hell, Len Chorney, Jr., Sabu. Color.

**COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE** (83 min.—MGM—1946). Ghosts look after family. Frank "Wizard of Oz" Morgan, Keenan Wynn, Audrey Totter, Gladys Cooper.

**COLD SUN, THE** (78 min.—RKO—1954). Fear action-epic re-edited from old Rocky Jones, Space Ranger TV series. Richard Crane.

**COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK** (70 min.—Para.—1958). Scientist's brain transplanted into head of giant android, dead man's son (Charles Herbert) keeps it from destroying world. Fair grade-B if for the kids. Otto Kruger, Mela Poppers, John Hargrave, Ross Martin. Continued



ON PEOPLE

**CONDEMNED TO DEATH** (75 min.—Timely—1943). British film involving revenge through hypnosis. Also titled *Jack O'Giant's Monsters*. Edward Gagne, Gordon Barker.

**CONFIDENTIAL AGENT**. See *Mr. Armitage*.

**CONNECTICUT YANKEE**, A (107 min.—Param.—1940). Nicely done musical based on Mark Twain's story of young man from Connecticut who finds himself in King Arthur's court. Bing Crosby, Thelma Fleming, William Bend Sin, Cedric Belfrage. Color.

**CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT**, A. See *Connecticut Yankee*, A.

**CONQUEST OF MYCENE** (102 min.—Embassy—1950). Italian-French production set in land of Mycena where human sacrifices are part of the Minoan cult ritual. Gordon Scott, Genevieve Grad. Color.

**CONQUEST OF SPACE**, THE (80 min.—Param.—1954). Unique treatment of spectacular special is written on incredibly dull story with poor comedy relief. George Pal. "Specular-dramatic" loses much visual power on small screen TV. Walter Brooke, Eric Fleming, Joan Shawlee, Phil Foster. Color.

**COOPER VANISHES**, THE (64 min.—MGM.—1942). Logical candidate appearing in hopes of keeping his wife young. Typical B humor of the time.

**CORRIDOR OF MIRRORS** (96 min.—RKO—1948). Many great moments in this story of menagerie rescue running for post—when begins to live in the past. Eric Portman was best for this role. Barbara Mullen.

**CORSICAN BROTHERS**, THE (111 min.—UA—1941). Twin brothers seek revenge in this version of the Dumas costume epic. Gaud. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Akim Torkoff, Ruth Warrick, H. B. Warner.

**CORSICAN BROTHERS**, THE (83 min.—1952). French version with Jean Servais and Geoffrey Horne.

**COSMIC MAN**, THE (79 min.—AA—1959). Routine grade-B science-fiction about outer space being who warns Earth to "Behave... or else!" Too bad it never happened. John Cassaday, Angela Greene, Bruce Bennett, Paul Longton.

**COSMIC MONSTERS** (75 min.—DCA—1959). Dull and boring British science-fiction. Mad scientist blows hole in ionosphere, loosing terrible radioactive giant insects on world. Forrest Tucker, Gaby Audin, Martin Benson.

**COWICH**, THE (89 min.—WB—1942). Robert Bloch wrote this interesting, unimpeachably suspenseful thriller about psychopath who murders on impulse with insipid Chappie Jumbled appearance is result of studio decision to cut the 100 min. film for double-billing. Not yet released in TV. Well acted by Grant Williams, Shirley Knight, Oswald Stevens, Anne Helm.

**CONDEMNED** (83 min.—Goldwyn—1929). Ronald Colman meets the horrors of Devil's Island in this early talkie. Ann Harding.

**COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO**, THE (117 min.—UA—1934). Alexandre Dumas' classic. The Count, after spending 20 years in dungeons, escapes and makes plan to get long-overdue revenge. Nice stylization, but dated Robert Donat, Elissa Landi, Louis Calhern, Sydney Blackmer.

**COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO**, THE (180 min.—DeLu—1958). French-made version of Dumas' classic. Pierre-Richard Wilms, Michele Alfa.

**COUNTER BLAST** (75 min.—Brit. Nat.—1940). A deadly plague is planned on a way to win World War III. Well-paced Brit. actioner. Mervyn Johns, Nova Pilbeam.

**CRACKED NUTS** (64 min.—EKO—1931). Wheeler and Woolsey comedy set in mythical Ruritanian kingdom has some funny slapstick. Edna May Oliver, Dorothy Lee.

**CRACKED NUTS** (62 min.—Univ.—1941). Quoted comedy about a robot. Ste Erwin, Mico Aver, Max Baer.

**CRACK-UP** (70 min.—Fox—1937). Lame in spy story involving test pilots. Routine. Brian Donlevy.

**CRASH OF MOONS**, THE (78 min.—RKO—1954). Another re-edited Rocky Jones, Space Ranger. Richard Cruise.

**CRASHING LAS VEGAS** (62 min.—AA—1956). Huntz Hall has some nice bits in this Bawery Boys comedy about predicting the future. Leo Gurney, Don Haggerty.

**CRAWLING EYE**, THE (85 min.—DCA—1950). Suspenseful British science-fiction, written by Jimmy Sangster, belie its cheap title and develops into rather well-made adventure about radioactive invader which overpowers victims with destructive gas. Forrest Tucker, Janet Mann, Laurence Payne.

**CRAWLING HAND**, THE (89 min.—RKO—1951). Unintentional comedy stalker about extraterrestrial disembodied hand which aunts around strangling extras until it's eaten by a cat. Film ends in city dump—which is a good place as say. Twitely, ludicrous, perhaps by Rod Lauren, Peter Black, Kent Taylor, Terry Stacey.

**CRAY KNIGHTS**. See *Ghost Crazy*.

**CRAY RAY**, THE (81 min.—1923). This isn't seen on TV, but we're listing it because we think it should be. Sure Ray. Clair science fiction about inventor who can make time stand still has moments of both comedy and visual poetry. Few people unaffected by "ray" creep out as little. Janner. Pretentious to Zed. Originally titled *Paris Qui Dort*.

**CREATION OF THE HUMANOID** (75 min.—Emerson—1952). People battle their own emotions when automation goes wild after World War III. This "Automatic Frankenstein" film



subverted entire underground funs after landing cap. Everett experimental. Andy Werbel called it one of the year's best movies. Don Haggerty, Erikka Ezzell, Frances McCann, Celso.

**CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**, THE (79 min.—Univ.—1954). Obvious but exciting underwater adventure sometimes loses more toward 30 thrills than story about expedition searching Amazon for missing link between man and fish. They find it far sure (see "Creature") has definite preference for Julie Adams rather than female fish. Directed by Jack "Hollywood Shrimper" Arnold. Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Whit Bissell.

**CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA** (50 min.—Filmgroup AA—1951). Fanned in Puerto Rico about sea-monster which swallows Central American revolutionaries. Another ineffective minor effort by Roger Corman. Pale parody of *Agatha Christie* on Corfield vehicles and routine master films. Clever opening titles. Anthony Corbano, Betty-Jane Mearland. Edward Wein.

**CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**, THE (78 min.—Univ.—1956). Third and final film in Gilliam series. Scientists (Jeff Margay, Rex Reason) give Creature lungs, enabling him to stalk countryside—but he unapologetically murders half the cast before new lungs cause him to drown. Fairly exciting grade-B thriller. Directed by Jack Arnold. Leigh Snowden, Gregg Palmer, Rex Reason.

**CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN** (70 min.—Col.—1955). Gangster goes scientist to make humans into zombie-like robots. Movie makes audience into zombie-like robots. Richard Denning, Angela Stevens, Michael Gwynne.

**CREPUSC**, THE (64 min.—Swail—1948). Men travel into outer-realm. Edwards Cresswell had special deals in his contract when he made his one. Onslow Stevens, Jean Vincent.

**CREPUSCULUM**, THE (75 min.—Telidip—1963). A throwback to the "monster that will not die" films of the early Fifties. It should have been thrown back. Via Savage.

**CREeping UNKNOWN**, THE (78 min.—Hamm—UA—1954). Originally titled *The Quantum Experiment*. Only returning member of three-man nuclear crew team begins to turn into crawling mass of insect-like ooze. Good sequence with prophetic sequence of astronaut film footage. One of the first films shot lunched Hammer to fame. Directed by Val Guest. Brian Donlevy, Margie Deane, Richard Wadsworth.

**CRIME DOCTOR'S COURAGE**, THE (66 min.—Col.—1943). The crime doctor encounters vampires. Warner Baxter, Hilary Brooke.

**CRIME DOCTOR'S MANNING** (81 min.—Col.—1946). The crime doctor meets a lady who's haunted by a strange mania. Warner Baxter, Ellen Drew.

Continued





**CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (89 min.—Col.—1935). Don't miss this first sound film version of the Dostoevsky classic, directed in 28 days by Josef von Sternberg. Peter Lorre battles with convicts and Danesies. Film with one of the best of his early performances. TV release of this pic was held up for several years until '64. Edward Arnold, Herbert Marshall, Tala Birell, Elizabeth Sladen, Robert Allen, Douglas Dumbrille, Gene Lockhart, Charles Waldron.

**CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** See *Heat Danger—out Six*, this.

**CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, U.S.A.** (84 min.—AA—1955). Modernized version directed by Perry Sanders. George Hamilton, Mary Murphy, Frank Sinatra.

**CRIME OF DR. CRESPI** (62 min.—Rep.—1938). The mad Dr. Crespi (Eric von Stroheim) makes plans to put his rival at his own. Soldiers see, but supposedly released to TV, Horner Russell.

**CRIMES AT THE DARK HOUSE** (61 min.—Eros—1957). Murderer conspired to commit more crimes to conceal his identity. Fox but overdone. Tod Slaughter.

**CRIMES OF STEPHEN HAWKE** (65 min.—Eros—1937). So-so Jekyll-Hyde-influenced murder tale. Eric Portman, Ted Slaughter.

**CROW HOLLOW** (67 min.—Gros—1932). Bloody British mystery has killer after young bride in forbidden woods. Donald Heather, Nicholas Parry.

**CRUCIBLE**, *THE* (119 min.—Union—1956). Jean Paul Sartre did the screen adaptation of Arthur Miller's "message" play about the witch trials in Salem, Mass. Sometimes overly convoluted, but very profound, moody, often frightening. Also titled *The Witches of*

Salem. Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, Hylene Rossmore.

**CRY OF THE SWITCHED** (90 min.—Yoko—1960). Unique violence-withcraft tale concerns young native girl attracted to gladiator master who's not interested in her—until she casts a love spell on him. Nixon Sevilla, Ramon Goy, Celso.

**CRY OF THE WEREWOLF** (43 min.—Col.—1944). Fair mystery revolving around "werewolf" murder in New Orleans museum. Nina Foch, Stephen Crane, Otto Matzner.

**CRY TERROR** (96 min.—MCN—1958). Excellent suspense as highly intelligent psychopath (Rod Steiger) forces electronics expert (James Mason) to build special bombs for blowing up airplanes. Steiger's thought-provoking portrayal of warped murderer makes every screen villain look like stolen. Inger Stevens.

**CULT OF THE CORRA** (82 min.—UI—1955). Snake goddess brings ex-GI's face to face with Aztec cult. Inept. Marshall Thompson, Richard Long, Faith Domergue, David Jensen.

**CURSE OF DRACULA**, *THE* (77 min.—UA—1958). Originally titled *The Bats of Dracula*. Vampirism in California. Francis Lederer, Ray Stricklyn, Marjorie Eberhardt.

**CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (87 min.—Hawner, WLS, 7A—1957). Hammer, costabally acted English horror drama, remake of original Frankenstein set in 19th-century Switzerland. Not released to TV at present. Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Hazel Court. (See "The Many Faces of Christopher Lee" in *C&F* #2.) Celso.

**CURSE OF NOSTRADAMUS**, *THE* (77 min.—Artesco, AI—1960). Vampirism vs. Academic Professor's pragmatic approach to supernatural disturbs infamous Mexican vampire

Nostrodamus, who rises to de bats. Garmen Robles, Julie Allmon.

**CURSE OF THE AZTEC MUMMY**, *THE* (65 min.—Artesco, AI—1961). Ancient Aztec mummy comes to life when criminal invaders tomb containing treasure. Ramon Goy, Rosta Arenas.

**CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE** (70 min.—ECO—1944). This moody supernatural Val Lewton drama about childhood fantasies was praised by the great film critic James Agee. Strange, fragile story of little girl who refuses to stay from woman in old mansion. Many fine moments. Film has nothing to do with cat people was simply attempt to cash in on success of *The Cat People*. Simone Simon, Kent Smith, Ann Carter.

**CURSE OF THE CRYING WOMAN**, *THE* (74 min.—Artesco, AI—1962). Ancestor of the "Crying Woman" has reason to cry herself after she learns of her evil heritage. A few hardheaded pic. Rosta Arenas, Dominguez Soler.

**CURSE OF THE DEMON** (55 min.—Col.—1957). Dynamic British thriller about devil cult and "white parchment" containing magic rite death symbols which have power to summon forth monstrous ghoul from pits of Hell. A classic. Expert direction by Joquet Tassier from story by Montague & Janet Davis. Andrews, Peggy Cummins, Niall MacGinnis, Maurice Deshou.

**CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN** (66 min.—BA—1958). Surprisingly plausible grade-B horror prompted by author-editor Jerome Kirby. Pompeii killed in Venusian eruption refers to life in 20th Century. Acting, however, is quite bad. Richard Anderson, Adele Mara, Elaine Edwards, Felix Lederer, Lili Van Heuten.

CREeping UNKNOWN



**CURSE OF THE STONE HANDS** (72 min.—Artem, ADP, Medallion)—1951. Western horror, chopped up and "refined" by Jerry Warren makes no sense whatsoever after addition of poorly shot scenes with Australian actors. Even names of Mexicans lost and give me Americanized in this incoherent jumble. John Carverline, Katherine Victor, Lloyd Malson.

**CURSE OF THE UNDEAD** (79 min.—U)—1959. Western-horror film has mysterious outbreak. Michael Pate, blind by Kathleen Crowley to avenge deaths of family in range war. But—surprise—he's a vampire and has set his fangs on her. Fair copy dull and boring. Eric Fleming.

**CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, THE** (71 min.—Hammer, U)—1961. Guy Endore's *Werewolf of Paris*, Freudianized and transposed to Spain in the 1830's, provided Oliver Reed with the chance to do some magnificent acting as the werewolf. Standout tale of Reed's career, better as *affair*. Elaborately produced, attractively set. Not yet released to TV. Yvonne Randa, Clifford Evans, Celia.

**CURSE OF THE YELLOW SNARE** (100 min.—R)—1943. Jacques Fuchsinger, leading German film here, stars in this German-made pic about a Sorcerer and evil Chinese underground and the theft of the Golden Ruyi. Peking Brown, Brigitte Grahm.

**CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON** (76 min.—U)—1955. Rostin jungle "horror" thriller with vocal gimmicks from headhunters to big feisty splain. Filmed in Brazil. Beverly Garland, John Stoenfeld, Tom Payne, Celia.

**CYCLOPS, THE** (66 min.—AA)—1958. Diamond burglar adventure about young girl's trek into Mexican jungle in search of her lost aviator-father—who has become 20-foot monster (Damon Parker) kept special fix by Bert I. Gordon. Along for the comedy are Len Chaney, James Croft, Gloria Talbott and Tom Drake.

## TO BE CONTINUED





A scene from Walt Disney's forthcoming animated feature version of Rudyard Kipling's famed *JUNGLE BOOK*.

# LATEST FILM NEWS



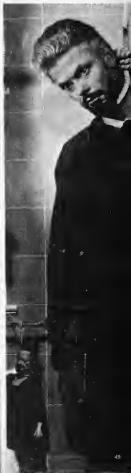
With this issue of *Cat* introduces a new column by Joe Dante, one of the most outspoken writers in the fantasy film field. In addition to no-holds-barred criticism of movie practices in TV editing rooms, reviews with depth and news of upcoming films, we're giving Dante the opportunity to attack whatever him has. So stand aside because here comes

## Infernal Dante

Recently the 1954 sf-classic *THORN* was filmed for a \$60-\$30 presentation, and the 92 min. film was trimmed of 18 min. for this occasion. Soon before air-time a city official announced he would make a speech at 6:15. Faced with the task of reducing an already cut picture to less than 60 min. running time, harassed editors simply eliminated the second reel. This took out the introduction of five major characters, the death of another, the explanation of the title, discovery and first appearance of the monsters and the entire "general store" sequence, all in one cut—not counting the many excisions made before! All this (instead of simply substituting a shorter picture . . .

Continued

**PSYCHO** author Robert Bloch has inked in a new abnormal psych drama highly reminiscent of his Hitchcock triumph. This one's called **THE PSYCHOPATH**, directed by Freddie Francis, who made **DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS**. In scenes on this page, Victor Ledoux (played by Robert Crawford) is the fourth victim of the eerie "doll" murders.



The local station which depends entirely on movies is the most willing in showing them. They have cranked some 13.5 min. spots: *DAVE* into 90 min. slots, less 16 min. for commercials. Often excess footage is simply cut from the beginning of a picture, and the station is not adverse to advertising these alterations as "uncut." Thanks to this one station New York television have never seen full length film of **KING KONG** (100 min.), **CITIZEN KANE** (119 min.), **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** (94 min.), **NIGHT OF THE HUNTER** (91 min.) or even **GUNGA DIN**. . . One local station's *Chiller* program began the 1942 logical vehicle **THE CORPSE VANISHES** in the middle. It ran 35 min. to the end. An audience sleepily chuckled "Well, the corpse vanished, and so did the first half of the picture!" The rest of the story could be heard breaking up in the background, and they immediately re-ran the film complete, though most of the time viewers aren't that lucky. . . The same station used to run a half-hour of serial episodes compressed to fit the time slot. During the showing of the last installment of Universal's 1945 **LOSS OF THE JUNGLE** they ran overruns just as evil Lionel Atwill engaged with the crooked secret of world domination. The scene faded out on an audience hotly interrupted. "Well, that's it, kids. This is one time the bad guys win and the good guys loose time in next week for our new serial." Unbelievable? It happened. . . Most stations run the credits at the picture's end (if at all). This is done even if some important on-line goes on after the title. In **THE TINDLER**, for example, a death-house production moves toward the cell of a condemned man. There is a choppy cut where the credits used to be, and we are suddenly in the autopsy with camera Vincent Price. At the end of the picture the words "test roll" unspool out from the beginning. It runs off with the titles superimposed. . .

Thanks to this kind of stupidity such things as the original **TARZAN** (always missed the guffin at the end), **BEGLAM**, **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, **INVADERS FROM MARS**, **REAR FROM 35,000 FATHOMS**, **THE CRAWLING EYE**, **MOTHR**, **MANIA** and many others have never been seen on NY TV uncut. In addition to **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **LOST HORIZON**, **WOLF MAN**, etc. which were cut by Sateen Geiss even before being released to TV. . .

The 1943 **BATMAN** serial was recently revived in Chicago at the Playhouse Theater, where it's been showing in its entirety (over hour and 45 minutes, beginning at daylight, to capacity crowds and starting public reaction. . . By the time you read this, ABC's new **BATMAN** series will be well under way. Plans are already underway to launch **THE GREEN HORNET** on ABC-TV. If **BATMAN** develops into a rating success. . . Herman Cohen plans **THE HERDSMAN**, a Panavision chiller from a story by Allen Kendall. Also coming soon from Cohen is **CIRCUS OF TERROR**, a sequel to **CIRCUS OF HORRORS**. . . Wilcox Castle is coming about for a young English boy and a Canadian girl for the leads in **LOVE'S KIA UNCLE**, his last picture for Universal. After this one he goes to Paramount where the plan is to have him do more elaborate "monster-trail" pictures. . . Hammer's 100th film will be their most ambitious 1,000,000 B.C., to be released through Fox. Director will be Don Chaffey (**JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS**) with special fx by Roy Harryhausen. After **THE REPUBLIC**, Hammer has plans for a yet untitled **MURDER** sequel, **PRISHIKHOV WOMEN**, **THE DEVIL'S OWN** and another Foxville epic called **THE FEAR OF FRANKENSTEIN**. . . In Australia, the over-priced censor has banned the venerable **KING KONG** from TV. (Two days earlier, however, he allowed **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** to be shown.) The censor agreed that **KONG** was "a horror classic," but then he added, " . . . but so

use a pornographic film be a classic. It is well made." What's that got to do with **KING KONG**? ?

—See Deane

#### FRANKENSTEIN GOES TO THE FILM FESTIVALS

New York

Like the first two, the Third Annual (1955) New York Film Festival was held at Lincoln Center, the sleek, modernistic group of buildings just to the north and slightly west of Columbus Circle. In the contemporary surroundings, all shining metal and plate glass, where *Schnee* and *fantasy* movies seemed quite the natural thing to show. However, the festival only screened one such full-length picture: Jean-Luc Godard's **ALPHAVILLE**, starring Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. It was the opening night film, preceded by a bizarre short showing the growth and birth of a chicken embryo. The expertly attired audience, many in formal evening dress, waited patiently through it, then listened as the director himself explained briefly what the film was like. You could almost feel the expectancy. Then **ALPHAVILLE** began.

It is a very strange picture, not quite like any other. Set in the future, presumably on a planet circling the star Alpha Centauri, it was actually filmed in today's Paris—and looks it. People travel between solar systems (called "galaxies" in the film) in ordinary 1948 automobiles.

The star, Eddie Constantine, is an American entertainer who came to France about 15 years ago. He was soon established as a star of innumerable cheap French gangster movies (some of them shown recently on America TV), mostly playing a tough private



They're coming in mean and heavy like Biblical locusts in **THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES** (here and, if you can stand the shock-of-it-ill, on the facing page), the new 7 Arts-Hammer Film production in color. See "On The Sets At Hammer" on page 32 this for inside info on the creation of this horror thriller.

eye named Lemmy Caution. Constantine looks the part, being a short, rasoulne, hawk-like individual, not at all handsome. His face is scarred, and you feel he has been a thousands of head-to-head fights, with everything from machine guns to broken bottles being used as weapons, not to mention bare fists. In *ALPHAVILLE*, he plays the same part, leading one to believe that the film may be a tongue-in-cheek twist-off on his Close-E quirkles. But during most of it, he is playing a perfectly straight role.

*Alphaville* itself is a city "in the Alpha Centauri Galaxy." It is ruled by a computer called Alpha 60, which is absolute dictator of the city and all its inhabitants. An agent placed there by the Earth forces has stopped reporting. Caution is sent in, posing as a reporter, to find out why. He has also been ordered to kill Dr. Yee Brown, a former Earth scientist who is the computer's second in command. After a great deal of action and almost as much talk (both rather difficult to follow) he succeeds in immobilizing Alpha 60 by feeding it information it cannot understand. Hereafter, he brings along Yee Brown's lovely daughter, a girl who has previously never heard the word "love."

The film is excellently photographed, full of bizarre and jarring visual effects, glowing lights shining into the camera, neon letters spelling out "E=MC<sup>2</sup>," scenes shown in the negative (black and whites reversed). The direction emphasizes the equally odd and disturbing plot elements. Lemmy Caution drives from the northern to the southern portion of the city and the weather abruptly changes from winter to summer. Many sequences are devoted simply to letters by the computer itself. It describes its philosophy, and the "new life" it offers mankind. As Lemmy walks down the long coldly glittering corridors, he hears its rasping, metallic voice, issuing orders. Amidst all the machinery, the actors are rather lost, or are reduced to puppets. There is one strong

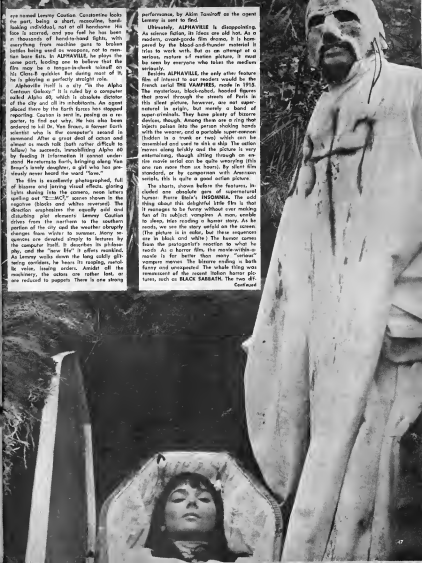
performance, by Alim Tashiroff as the agent Lemmy is sent to find.

Ultimately, *ALPHAVILLE* is disappointing. As science fiction, its ideas are old hat. As a modern, over-the-top film shown, it is hampered by the blood-and-thunder material it tries to work with. But as an attempt at a serious, mature sci-fi motion picture, it must be seen by everyone who takes the medium seriously.

Besides *ALPHAVILLE*, the only other feature film of interest to our readers would be the French serial *THE VAMPIRES*, made in 1975. The mysterious, black-robed, hooded figures that prowled through the streets of Paris in this silent picture, however, are not supernatural in origin, but merely a band of super-criminals. They have plenty of bizarre devices, though. Among them are a ring that injects pain into the person shaking hands with the wearer, and a portable super-camera (hidden in a book or hat) which can be assembled and used to ask a thief. The action moves along briskly and the picture is very entertaining, though sitting through an entire movie serial can be quite wearying (this one ran more than six hours). By silent film standards, or by comparison with American serials, this is quite a good action picture.

The shorts, shown before the features, included one absolute gem of supernatural humor: Pierre Boile's *INSOMNIA*. The odd thing about this delightful little film is that it manages to be funny without ever making fun of its subject: vampires. A man, unable to sleep, tries reading a horror story. As he reads, we see the story unfold on the screen. (The picture is in color, but these sequences are in black and white.) The humor comes from the protagonist's reaction to what he reads. As a horror film, the movie-within-a-movie is far better than many "serious" vampire movies. The bizarre ending is both funny and unexpected. The whole thing was reminiscent of the recent Italian horror pictures, such as *BLACK SABBATH*. The two dif-

Continued



ferences are that it does not insult your intelligence, and that it is played for comedy.

The only other picture of fantastic interest was a documentary on contemporary Japan, **THE MYSTERY OF KUMONIGI**. It was made by Chris Marker, whose *Weekend* is a short, LA JETSE (THE PIRE) was shown at the first New York Festival. During one sequence, we catch tantalizing glimpses of a Japanese equivalent of Disneyland, in which prehistoric monsters suddenly spring up and leap across the scene.

The chief defect of the festival, excellent as it was in other respects, was the lack of good fantastic material. It was a year when other, European, festivals played films like **KWAIDAN** (three Japanese supernatural tales) and **THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT** (a Polish adaptation of the great medieval fantasy novel by Jan Polecik) this is almost inexorable.

... Jane Fonda will play the last woman on earth, who isn't a woman at all, in Roger Vadim's **PYGMALION 2113**. In this screen adaptation by Frederic Brown of a novel by Edward Cooper, Miss Fonda will be a female android.

Fu Manchu will be back! Sax Rohmer's slightly oriental merrow, as portrayed so skillfully by Christopher Lee in **THE FACE OF DR. MARCH**, returns to the screen in **THE REBORN OF FU MANCHU**, due to appear in Pa. Seven Arts is now filming it in England, in Eastman Color and CinemaScope. Also repeating their roles from **FACE** are Nigel Green as Sir Dennis Mayfield Smith, Warwick Mann-Crawford as Dr. Petrie (he is also to be remembered as the Dr. Watson, opposite Basil Henson's Sherlock Holmes), and Tiao Chia as his Tong. Fu's daughter, Don Sharp will again direct, and the producers will use eight international locations on the border of the title. Presumably, the script will be based on the Rohmer book of the same title.

William Castle, the poor man's Alfred Hitchcock, is entering the 10 record field. Not content with lending his name to a line of gaudy cards ("William Castle Horror Cards"), he has narrated a collection of recorded ghost stories called **THE MOST FRIGHTENING ALBUM EVER**. It's a Hammer Barbers record, all you Castle fans. ... **LEGEND OF HORROR** is a low-budgeter featuring a young lady with the intriguing name of Fern Silver. ... A company called Polon International, wherever they may be, have made the third film to bear the title **THE BLACK CAT** (not counting the episode of POE'S TALES OF TERROR, Karloff, Lugosi and Rathbone starred in the two previous features, and Latte and Price starred in the episode. Perhaps this latest version should be called **BLACK CAT 3 1/2**. ... Yet another quirkie is **THE BLOODLESS VAMPIRE**. ... John Gilling, director of **THE GAMMA PEOPLE**, is making a new science fiction thriller for a British company, appropriately called **Butcher's**. John Saxton stars. ... Movie history was made in Mexico City a while ago, when a horror film called **LA LOBA (THE SHE WOLF)**, made locally, broke all boxoffice records. It drew more people than **LORD JIM** and **THE CARDINAL**, playing at rival theaters. Contrary to the fond beliefs of horror fans, this kind of thing happens very, very infrequently. ... Canada's Interpro Films will bring Curt Siodmak's **SKY PORT** to the screen. Originally written for the films, this story was published in book form about a decade ago, but never filmed. It's to be in white screen and color, and released by British Lion Films.

Here's the inside info on Universal's **DARK INTRODUCER**, which was probably the outstanding horror pic of 1955. It was originally planned as the pilot film for a pro-



IN JULIET OF THE SPIRITS, Julia's dominating father (Frederick Decker) struggles to maintain his bar-hoodmaster and the red-blooded prophet in her offspring.

pective tv series. Under the title of **BLACK CLOAK**, the idea was rejected by all three major networks. Universal then planned to make it for screening on the Alfred Hitchcock show. When ABC vetoed this idea, the studio decided to film it anyway. Finally, unable to find any video outlet, they showed it in theaters. ... As reported here last issue, Hammer Films will make a sequel to **SHE**, with the current title being **ATENA, DAUGHTER OF SHE**. Ursula Andrus will again star (a pretty neat trick, since she was killed off in the first one), as will John Richardson. An international talent hunt, it says here, will be held to seek out an enthralling actress for the leading role.

The latest on Hammer's remake of **ONE MILLION B.C.** (called 1,000,000 YEARS B.C.) is that John Richardson will play the lead. It will be Hammer's costliest picture to date, even more expensive than **SHE**. Roy Macpherson will create the special effects. ... Two more new Hammer productions are **THE RIFLES** and **PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES**.

Arthur Lubin, subject of an article in a previous Col., is directing Hammer's **Heretic** in MGM's **THIRDS NO PLACE LIKE SPACE**. The producer of this bit of risk and red material will be none other than Sam Katzman. Yes, the same Sam Katzman who made **THE CORPSE VANISHES**, **ZOMBIES** of MOIRA-TAU, **DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK** and **HOOTNANNY HOOT**. Jungle Ben (as he is affectionately called) is known for making movies quicker and cheaper than anyone else. There is probably no truth to the report, however, that he'll shoot this one in five hours. Since it's a quality production, in color and widescreen he'll certainly take a full day. ... The director of **WHAAT** (see *Movieguide*) is our old friend Marvin (BLACK SANDS) Ross. Adding behind the pseudonym of "John M. Old" (Anthony Holm director calls himself "Anthony Downer"), he did **CASTLE OF FLOOD** (also known as **CASTLE OF TERROR**), a Warner Bros. release.

Ben I. Gordon's **VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS** was supposedly based on H. G. Wells' **THE FOOD OF THE GODS**, but Gordon now plans to film it straight. Considering his past track record, this is ominous, to say the least. ... Here's the latest on the two Ray Bradbury films **FAHRENHEIT 451** is now in production in England. Oskar Werner (of **SHIP OF FOOLS**) and Julie Christie (of **DARLING**) are cast. As reported previously, Francesco Trofati will direct. First, only, **THE MAELSTROM CHRONICLES** has been postponed, perhaps indefinitely. **FAHRENHEIT** has had an interesting list of male stars, all of whom were announced and then cancelled: Jean-Paul Belmondo, Charles Aznavour and Terence Stamp. ... Don't miss Embassy Pictures' **TWINT VICTIM**. Ursula Andrus and Marcello Mastroianni star in this tale of the four fathers, where murder is a legalized sport. Blatant weapons used by members of the Hunt Club in the if coffee including exploding bananas and a bro that flies bullets.

Burke and Ware are on the prowl once more! They will roam (Bibb-a-wee) Scotland in search of victims in **THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVIL**. This class horror film is being directed by Nicholas Ray, who made **KING OF KINGS** and **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE**. Based on a never-produced screenplay by the late Dylan Thomas, it's now being filmed in Yugoslavia. The picture stars Geraldine Chaplin and Laurence Harvey (replacing Alexander Scully, originally announced). Also in the cast are Susanchar York (who was in **SANDS OF THE KALAHARI**) and Barbara Steele. Also Steele, an old hand at horror, has been in **CASTLE OF FLOOD** and **BLACK SUNDAY**, among others. The city of Zagreb



was chosen to represent Edinburgh because it looks more like that city, as it was in the 1700's, than does present-day Edinburgh (still). The budget has been set at close to two million, and the final script is by Gene Wilder (best known in our field for *GO TO A SMALL PLANET*). Horror fans will of course recall *Koriat* and Lugosi in an earlier, fictionalized version of this story. **EXO: THE BODY SNATCHER**, made by the great Val Lewton in 1945, with Robert Wise directing. A British version currently playing in U.S. theaters, **THE FRENCH GIGOLU**, was made in 1961 (see Montezuma for details). Meanwhile, **THE BODY SNATCHERS**, Robert Lewis Stevenson's classic weird tale which was the basis for the **RED SLIN**, has been done as a British tv version. It is part of a new series called **MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION**, made by the British branch of ABC-TV. There are twelve other stories in the series, including *Paul's THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF Usher* and *Wilder's THE CANTERBURY GHOST*, as well as adaptations of tales by M. R. James, J. Sheridan Le Fanu and Sir Walter Scott.

**Montezuma** is coming from the credits pages to the screen. Actually, he's made the transition twice before: once as a tv series that never got very far, and again as a Columbia serial (with Warren Hull in the title role). The new Montezuma will be filmed in Italy with an unknown British actor being sought for the lead. He'll have to look good in a full dress suit and be able to gesture hypnotically, I guess. . . . Adaptations of some strip teases to be coming on in Italy. You read about **BARBARELLA** in our last issue, and now word comes about the filming of a similar strip called **DIABOLIK**. It is reportedly a mixture of James Bond and Leslie Fenville's master criminal, *Pantomax*.

Seth Holt, who gave us **THE MAMMY**, is shooting, with locations off over the world. The producers, Razoo Films, made **GHILETTA OF THE SPIRITS**. The latter film was also comic-strip-inspired, headlined by Director Federico Fellini, himself a former cartoonist and long-time comics fan, deliberately strove to get a satirical-comic effect.

. . . A Roman director named Ion Popescu Gopo has made an odd science film called **STEPS TOWARDS THE MOON**. It is partly a documentary history of flight, partly a comedy, something like **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES**. The story begins in the future, as the hero rushes out of a spaceport to keep a date on the moon. In his haste, he stumbles and falls on the steps. Lapsing into unconsciousness, he dreams of mankind's past efforts at flying, both real and fictional. His vision begins in the Stone Age, then, still trying to keep his date, he finds himself taking off on Icarus's wings. Next, he's on a magic carpet in ancient England in Leonardo da Vinci's studio as he paints the *Monna Lisa*, talking to Cyrano de Bergerac, saying a few words to Baron Munchausen, who passes him while riding a cannon ball, and interviewing Jules Verne. There are also sequences involving ancient winged bulls in Assyria, the Greek gods on Olympus, and the Devil. When the hero eventually wakes up, he recognizes all the people in his dream as passengers

*Continued*



While sunning on the beach in Fellini's **JULIETTA OF THE SPIRITS**, Julietta (Giuletta Masina) envisions the approach of a grisly band of sea warriors.

Watch these pages for more news of **ACED**, a new horror shooter. This Grand-Guignolesque film in the **PSYCHO** tradition will be written and produced by Richard C. Wipaceta. Richard Matheson has written the script for the pilot film of a new tv series, **PROJECT FRANK SANDERS**, made by Screen Gems. . . . Here are more details on **THE DAY-DREAMER**, mentioned in our last issue. It is a fantasy film, made in color and is now in process called *Anastagio*. Based on some of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, it has both animated and live-action sequences. Heard, but not seen, are Hayley Mills (The Little Mermaid), Patsy Duke (Throne-bell), Terry-Thomas, Burl Ives, Cyril Ritchard, Ed Wynn, Victor Sargent, Susan Rogers (now in movie), Boris Karloff and Yulishka Buzinovsk. Joseph E. Levine and Videovault International are the producers of this Embassy release. Live shots are Jack Gifford and Ray Bolger, and live sequences were filmed at the Belgian Village of the New York World's Fair. *Anastagio* is a process which allows puppets (without strings) to move across the screen. These animated dolls resemble the actors whose voices will be heard. The plot concerns "the dream-adventures of a young Hans Christian Andersen and his search for the Garden of Paradise." *Anastagio* will be shown in this process with fellow titles not yet announced. There are several songs, including a title ballad sung by Robert DeSier.

# WATCH FOR IT!

CASTLE of

## FRANKENSTEIN



## ANNUAL

In one of magazine history's mightiest anti-schlock moves, the publishers of CoF have decided to issue the **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN ANNUAL**. Inside are dozens of never-before-published photos! Look for it on stands all over.

(Oh, yes...it's only 50¢...)

waiting at the airport. . . . Something called **THE MONK FROM BEYOND** has been that in the Philippines, by an American firm, Journey Productions. . . . One of the great unrecognized, acting stars of cinema is back in **THE MARY VS. THE NIGHT-CRAWLERS**. Yes, from 1970, Walter Sande, who seemed to have had an exclusive contract (along with Morris Anshutz) calling for him to play a cop or a military officer in every monster or science fiction picture made in the 1950's. It is high time his countless defenses of our beloved planet from hordes of alien invaders were recognized. A while then, from all the gang bawls at CoF to good old Walter. Without him, **INVADES FROM MARS** just wouldn't have been the same. His co-star in this latest epic are Marisa Van Doren, Ruby Von and Patricia Huston. . . . **MANITARA** is a new horror pic starring Bradlock Crawford and Alvin Tomaroff. Made by a Canadian firm, it is being filmed in Britain. . . . Luis Buñuel, the world-famous Spanish director, plans to enter the field of the macabre and fantastic with a screen version of **THE MONK**. This classic novel of terror and Satanic menace was written in the early 19th Century by Matthew G. Lewis. It is a famous Gothic novel of the old school, due to be compared with the writer's suspense stories of today which are (read obit) the label. The tale is full of ancient dungeons, hidden chambers, mysterious happenings in old graveyards, ghosts and murder. The locale is Spain and the protagonist is a young monk who tells his soul to the devil both naturally for Buñuel, whose **VERIDIANA**, has won prizes all over the world.

—KEN BEALE

After many previous announcements over the past few years, **TARZAN** seems to be definitely in the lineup for the new TV season. It is planned as a full hour weekly series in color with a scheduled stop and new movie footage. Mike Henry, of the star lineup, the former Tarzan on TV, has topped around last season has finally been killed right and the writer. The new NBC series will put Tarzan right where he belongs—in the jungle with a small settlement nearby. A small boy, named Jay, owned by Tarzan, will be a resident member of the set although there seem to be no plans for a "Jungle" of any sort. Will the series remain faithful to the original Edgar Rice Burroughs material? That remains to be seen. At the moment, NBC only says, "Danger to Tarzan and the boy will arise not only from their jungle surroundings, but also from man-made and other intelligences in the jungle. Later Tarzan Mike Henry joins the leading list of the Tarzans that includes Burt Reynolds, George Rogers, R. Douglas, James W. Fenn, Frank Merrill, Buster Crabbe, Bruce Bennett, Glenn Ford, Johnny Weissmuller, Rex Barker, Gordon Scott and Jack Halloway.

Future AIP releases. Scheduled for July is **GIRL IN THE GLASS BEHIND**, a science fiction musical comedy with Patricia Arnold, Anne Francis and Alan Reed. **Invaders From Mars** and **Jeann Hart** are in the **Goldfish** series. **SOLDIER AND THE 5 RINGS**, now in the works, **FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD** is a new title of the film announced last issue. **FRANKENSTEIN VS. THE GIANT DEVIL FISH** has Adams stars G. C. Wells 2664 A.D. **GREEN THE SLEEF MARKS**, first mentioned in CoF #5, was postponed, probably because of the high budget involved, and new scenes. He tentatively planned as a 1972 production. Also coming up: **INVASION OF THE NIGHT THINGS**.

Here's more behind-the-scenes info on that AIP-TV **HERCULES** special that caused CoF readers to stand by their pictures with wide-eyed disbelief. **Invaders From Mars** in southern Italy. Carlo Lombardi's \$35,000 monster midway did put the Kevin Gordon Scott out of commission for one scene. Scott threw his spear at the monster's head and the spear bounced off, but Scott in the head only kept him satisfied for two days. . . . How did producer-director Albert Lewis film the scene in which the monster pulled a huge all-fort column down on his stomach? Again Lewis, the still-life Italian art designer, dressed a method whereby Scott could walk in, sitting off a chair instead within the scene, which explained the innumerable pieces of rubble and cement. . . . But didn't get me wrong. . . . I love monsters. . . .

—Black



## THE CORMAN AUTEUR

by John H. Darr

Robert Farnes states that *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* did not belong with the quality films shown at the Museum of Modern Art, and Bob Stewart lists the flaws that make this film inferior to *LOGIA*. To my opinion, and evidently to that of the Museum, *MASQUE* is the very best of Corman. Here is a direct confrontation with the "mythical determinism" that is at the heart of all Corman's subjects. There are certain constant forces in the universe over which man can have no control. The universe is ruled neither by a benevolent Christian god, nor by an evil satanic force (the two powers in which Corman's characters have been led to believe), but these inescapable universal forces include time (*THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY*, 1948), fate (*THE MAN WITH RAY EYES*, 1949) and, most commonly, death (*LOGIA*, *MASQUE*). The Corman hero is obsessed with learning the secrets of these powers, and he is eventually destroyed by that constant which he defies. This recurring theme, previously only implied, is now stated, beautifully, in *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH*. Prospero (Price) seeks to escape the Red Death through an alliance with Satoru; the peasants put their trust in God. But, in the end, Death personified informs us that these powers only exist

in the minds of individuals; the only universal reality is the constant of death. Prospero and peasants suffer alike, and the final image is of death and fate reigning supreme.

J. R. Campbell notes that Price's light-sensitive eyes constitute a recurring image. I would add that light being one of the constants over which Price can have no power, his sensitivity stands as a reminder of this human disability even in these films in which the light constant is not emphasized (as it is emphasized in *X-RAY EYES*).

I'd like to see articles devoted to horror directors, rather than to actors. Cef at least resembles the directors, which is more than competitors do, but, if you are ever to gain the status of a really serious film magazine devoted to this particular genre (as the French *Revue du Cinéma* is), you ought to look to the real artist in the cinema. John H. Darr, 752 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

\* Corman, we note sadly, has now abandoned the horror movie field—and American-International—to make big-budget thriller pics for Columbia. The end of us we are. First announced titles: *TWO JIMES*, *THE LONG RIDE HOME* (a Civil War Western) and *ROBERT E. LEE*. Bye Bye, Black Bank.—Ed.

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## A KUBRICK FOR IGNATZ

by Chris Striker

I have only compliments for such a great magazine as Cef. I especially like your movie reviews, and I would also like to commend you on the way you take stuff seriously. You are the first mag. I have found as far that goes. I am referring to the article in *Movie News* Read on 2001—A *SPACE ODYSSEY*. Also, the day before I got my Cef I had seen the movie *SHE*, and... Presto! When I looked on page 55 of your glorious mag, there was a whole page on it. You don't know how happy I was when I saw that! I hope that sometimes in the future you will have an article on *SHE*—or at least some more pictures. You guys are really hard to beat! When I found out that some of you are also Marvel readers, it was too good to be true. That makes Cef all the better (which it can hardly be). Chris Striker, 410 W. Morrisfield, Bayview, Cal.

\* Here's the latest on Stanley Kubrick's *SPACE ODYSSEY*: Throughout the script development, technical aspects from the U.S. space program have been consulted. They will continue to provide guidance during production—which began on January 3rd of this year. Kirk Duller (of *DAVID AND LISA*, *BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING* and *THE NAKED HOUR*) was chosen over at least a dozen

Continued

# Baron von Bungle

BY RICHARD BOJARSKI



other leading men contesting for the leading role. Top special effects men from different companies have been brought to the MGM studio outside of London to contribute their talents to the massive multi-million dollar project . . . but one important talent turned down Kubrick's invitation. Former science fiction illustrator Ed Emshwiller, now devoting all of his creative energy to his own visually striking and highly personal independent films, told us when Kubrick asked him to devise fantastic sets and graphic effects for the film *Baron* is anticipated for December, 1966 as a re-release of hard-to-find books.—Ed.

## CANDU CHANDU

by Al Homins

God, please print my letter. I never in my life saw one of my letters printed. I must have written a hundred times. Please—just this once—let me be heard. Thank you. OK, it's a fake. You print everything in your magazine covering horror films. But your magazine or any other mag. or for as I am semi-regular covered Bela Lugosi's RETURN OF CHANDU. This had black magic, tantra, hypnosis, magic, mystery—everything a horror fan can ask for. Please, a future cover of Bela as CHANDU would sell, I really know. I am sure of it. All my friends ask why you people never cover CHANDU so please just do me a small favor and do a spread on this serial . . . and I can guarantee circulation sales. A Bela film. Al Homins, 1851 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

\* Are you sure you don't work for our distributor? —Ed.

## A HORROR FAN'S DREAM

by Jerry Tilletson

Bravo to Cef! When I opened your last edition I was quite shocked to find a *Literary*, serious and highly artistic magazine. The little asterisk facts you keep putting in as the movies and certain film personages are dealing. I think Cef will become to the Sixties and Seventies what the *Icones* were to the Fifties. But I hope your magazine will not suffer the same dark tragedy that befell the beautiful little EC mag. If you have dared to see signs of protest groups against your mag, please let me know, and I will organize counter-protest groups (few names you would pretend at such cautions and like that)—Ed. Now is a little fact that may be of interest to you. Through the underground I have heard that your creation is being accepted into the academic circles—and little wonder of that. Several of my professors rave about Cef to friends and colleagues—and they in turn discuss the mag with their friends in either colleges or universities. There is a tremendous interest in this Southern region about little-known movies like *DEAD OF NIGHT*, *WHITE ZOMBIE*, *THE GHOUL*, etc. The Frankenstein TV Movie is very good. I have nothing but compliments on every article in your publication. And thank God the advertisements are down to a minimum. How about an article on SON OF KONG? The sequel must have been failure because I've read nothing about it anywhere. (The 1934 picture was not made on as large a scale as its predecessor, but it was in the same sentimental tradition. Robert Armstrong repeats his original role, and the opening scenes show him as a gold-bribe individual who would like to forget about Kong completely. In fact, the opening takes up as well with KING KONG that was New York studios ran the last 20 minutes of KONG on a headline to SON OF KONG! However, the real failure was a recent sequel called *VICT KONG*, *GRANDSON OF KONG*—Ed.) Perhaps other readers would enjoy an article on Lovecraft

## HE'S BACK!

### The Master of Magic and Thrills



SOL LESSNER Presents

**BELA LUGOSI** IN

**The RETURN OF CHANDU**

(THE MAGICIAN)

New and Different

WITH

**MARIA ALBA**

DIRECTED BY RAY TAYLOR

Chapter titles for *THE RETURN OF CHANDU* include such gems as "The Uplifted Knife," "The Chosen Victim" and "The Knife Descends." More on this serial in future issues.

In the book review section or perhaps an approval of *The Monk* by Matthew Lewis. Would it be possible to print an article on the EC magazines and the answer to why they were abolished? Be kind to the good work . . . and thank you for not writing down to your readers and for not making those sneering gags that your competitors try to make but can't. Everything in Cef is a honor for the reader. Don't change a thing. Have you thought of doing articles on your staff—one every issue, complete with a photo of the subjects, his interests, etc? I'm sure it would be a success. Jerry Hiltner, Box 53, Beaufort, North Carolina.

\* As we've said before, we don't think *Black*, *Beast*, *Stranger*, *Dolls*, *Romans*, *Col* Back, kept at arms are bewitching behind-the-scenes actress Catherine Bellini are nearly as fascinating as Lugosi, Karl, Lane, Kathleen, Corina or Lord Gregor Hower, if enough readers express interest in your idea, Jerry, we might give it an experimental try.—Ed.

## EC COME, EC GO

by Rick L. Durell

Castle of Frankenstein is excellent. By all means, please do a review or behind-the-scenes history of the greatest line of horror comics ever published—EC. Rick L. Durell, 434 West Imperial Avenue, Apt. G, El Segundo, California 90245.

## VAMPIRES IN THE LIBRARY

by J. Randolph Cox

Your periodical is the most interesting of any in the field of horror and fantasy films. I particularly enjoyed #4 and its theme of vampires and the welcome information as the original novel which began this theme in fiction. Your magazine is easier to read than some others which depend on jerky paragraphs, wild gun-filled captions and bold type every two sentences. J. Randolph Cox (Reference Librarian, St. Olaf College) 514½ West Third Street, Northfield, Minnesota.

\* Yes, but don't forget that we have heard a 6 p. type, wild gun-filled captions and usually a type of some sort every two sentences.—Ed.

## MINORITY REPORT

by Michael Brunas

Chances are you will not print my letter. After all, you just print letters in which readers say how much they like your letter [Er . . . what's that again?—Ed.] I'll get down to the point now. [OK—Ed.] I think your magazine, *Castle of Frankenstein*, is truly the only worthwhile article printed in it was the Lon Chaney biography that was superb. It was the best biography I have ever read in a professional magazine. Your Peter Lorne biography was excellent also. It seems that biographies are your own and only good point. Now to your bad points. [It's about time—Ed.] You like to brag about yourself. Nothing really terrible about that except one thing. You have nothing to boast. What did you do that was so brilliant? Michael Brunas, 7 Edgewood Road, Cliffside Park, New Jersey, 07010.

\* Well, that one whiz with his mouth completely closed (sometimes sealed and taped shut by ketchup), and Cef does a terrific impression of Orson Welles.

## GERMAN RECONSTRUCTION

by Joseph Leydon

Frankly, I'm surprised at the way you ignore the Maxima horror films released by American-International. Some do not have their original names, but mostly they are in their original form, except for dubbing. Way back in '64 you said something about German Babel's rendition of a vampire. There are several movies now on TV starring Babel—the MONSTER DEMOLISHER, THE VAMPIRE, THE BLOOD OF NOSTRADAMUS and others. [We'll get to all of those seen in our Cef TV MOVIEGUIDE—ed.] SRI DORNE PER VASSASSINO, featured in FA, has been featured in the States as BLOOD AND BLACK LACE. Why have you been slighting the following: BLACK SABBATH, BRAINSTORM, I SAW WHAT YOU DID, FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE and PSYCHO? Where did you get the idea that MARGIE OF THE RED DEATH and THE GORGON were weak? [Did we say that?—ed.] They were both great. Actually, I enjoy your magazine very much, but even since issue 45—years have been passing in Cef! I say screw with them! [How 'bout this one: Two wingers may not make a right, but two Wrights can make an airplane.—ed.] By the way, I picked up a copy of Tales from the Crypt, the book of old EC Comics reprints. To be frank, EC wasn't so hot. The Marvel Comics of today are much better. Speaking of Marvel, does Larry Lee do artwork for Marvel under the alias of Adam Austin? [No.—ed.] Please run something on Michael Ough. In my opinion, he is rapidly becoming a contender for the horror king crown. He was excellent in KONGA, HIDEOUTS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM and BLACK ZOO. Joseph Leydon, 927 Piny Street, New Orleans, La. 70117.

## DEATH OF A MASTER

The name Jean Ray may not mean anything to many readers of Cef, but French readers will recognize it. It is a name that has been placed alongside Poe and Lovecraft.

...for Jean Ray was the modern master of fantasy in the French language.

The titles of his best known works THE LAST TALES OF CANTERBURY, MALPURTUIS, TALES OF WHISKEY and CARROUSEL OF EVIL, summarize the rich flavor of the "fantastique" for which he was best known.

Jean Ray had neither the morbidity of Poe nor the lofty subtlety of Lovecraft. His work, precise and completely absorbing style led many to think him a contemporary of Maupassant or Rodenburg. Jean Ray was born in Ghent, Belgium, in 1887. Like William Hope Hodgson, he was a man of the sea. He sailed around the world as a seafarer; he was one of the last pirates. For years, his stories of horror and the supernatural were known only to privileged collectors. Only in recent years has his work been rediscovered through paperbacks. He was one of the last of the Universal Man who could turn his pen to anything. [A phenomenal anthology of unpublished stories is printed witness to his versatility. It is a collection of 26 horror stories about—Incredibly—golf!]

Jean Ray died the 17th September, 1964. Cef mourns a great master of the Fantastic.

Michael Perry

## KARLOFF'S AGE

by Jarvis Young

Though your magazine carries less notices than your rivals, it still has some. In issue 77 in your Vial to the 3rd of DE, MONSTER, Did you say Boris Karloff is 78, but I know and many other fans know that Karloff didn't turn 78 until November 23, 1965. I'm sure you will receive many letters correcting this mistake. Keep up the good work. Jarvis Young, 1804 Wellborn, Clevis, New Mexico.

• Such, Jarvis, are the problems of deadlines and magazine schedules; at the time we went to press with this information we weren't too sure exactly when the mag would hit the stands (as they say in the trade)—Ed.

\*\*\*\*\*

## VERY GROOVY IBSTER

by Mike Bailey

Cef is serious and fascinating, unlike any other science-fiction horror magazine published. Your Frankenstein TV Guide has been good as far, especially the games from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. I realize that Gothic horror seems to be your quest, but it would be great to see more stories and pictures featuring science fiction. The advance photos from PANTASTIC VOYAGE have really gotten me interested in this movie. It seems to me that your recent covers for Cef have lost the atmosphere of earlier ones. These pictures were very good; they gave the magazine an outward look of class. I can't really complain, however, because the interior is still its great old self. Movie posters are a great idea, but don't overdo.

Continued

## SON OF KONG





It like some other magazines have. Keep up the small print in the film news department, and, whatever you do, don't shorten them in content. I can assure you that money with an attitude (p. 10) sure to need about a new George Poll or its Melchior production. Even if Melchior never puts out another movie, he will always be great in my book because of ROBINSON CRUOE ON HARS. Let's have more stories and pictures on special effects movies such as FANTASTIC VOYAGE, CRACK IN THE WORLD, etc.—and more pics from films featuring prebiotic animals. Albe Bailey, 3719 S. E. 82nd Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

## Baubles, Bungles and Beads by Thomas Scofield

I think your magazine is the best monster magazine in the world. I mostly like *Evans* and *Bungle* that you had in your fifth issue, Thomas Scofield (age 9), 2102 W. 70 Terrace, Shawnee Mission, Kansas.

\* We've increased the length of the *Bungle* only this issue only as a special treat to all the fans who've been asking for more *Bungle*.—Ed

## GIMMERIA OVER THE RAINBOW

by Howard Waldrop

May the thousand and one dances of Hail get in the swop places of the enemies of Charles Colford. His taverns of The Dark Man and Others and Swords and Sundry were lost. I must disagree with him as one point he says that People of the Dark is a Conan tale. He is right but this is Conan the Barbarian, not Conan the Cimmerian. The Conan, I believe, is a derivative or borrowed hero, not the fabled Cimmerian of that wonderful saga of twenty stories, here of a time some 15,000 years before recorded history began. Robert E. Howard created the Conan (of Cimmeria) near the last years of his life (between 1929-36), possibly Conan was the hero of an earlier era. Howard researched his stories well, taking name and authentic backgrounds from history. Conan is a common Irish (Cimmerian to the Cimmerians) name, and possibly he used it before thinking of the later Conan. I do not claim to be an authority on R. E. Howard, but I am a rabid fan of his works. Everything I have learned about him has come from two tremendous fan magazines, *Issue* (457 N. Hunt Rd. Alexandria, Virginia) and *The Howard Collector* (P.O. Box 775, Pasadena, Texas). I have the pleasure to be an editor of *George* (2615 Shuman Drive, South San Francisco, California, 94081), an amateur magazine devoted to sword and sorcery fiction now going into its third issue. Howard Waldrop, 104 W. Sanford, Arlington, Texas, 74010.

## LADY FROM SOUTH BEND

by Pat Henrich

Could you give me any ideas for a fan house or chamber of horrors, dark house, whatever you want to call it? I haven't got a lot of money to invest in decorating other places, if you have any ideas that will be good for this, I would appreciate it if you would tell me. I think *George* of Frankfort is a cool magazine. Keep it up. Pat Henrich, 2814 E. Jefferson, South Bend, Indiana, 46617.

\*\*\* The most inexpensive idea we've come up with, Pat, goes as follows: make the friends of yours in South Bend and ask them to send you cardboard camera you collect. Fasten them together to make tunnels that your "customers" will crawl through, along the way they see several meanings that reveal various "hazards"—like a caged live snake, annoying wasps, unprovoked, etc.

For more ideas, see *Orson Welles' LADY FROM SHANGHAI* on TV. The "House of Mirrors" was designed by Welles for that film; in fact, some of the motifs in the movement were pulled by Welles himself (it's a good bet that the name "Wilbur Mander" in the credits is not director in actuality is a Welles pseudonym). It's too close to "Wilbur Mander" name of the character names in *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*.—Editor

The "House of Mirrors" sequence (above) from the 1947 *LADY FROM SHANGHAI* in which Orson Welles played opposite his wife, Rita Hayworth. On the set of *IS PARIS BURNING?* (below) Welles and producer Paul Green receive a visit from their old friend, the Duke of Windsor.



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Poor fools! To think that ye have awaited in vain by divers stalls dispensing periodicals; hoping against hope, abiding by some firmay will o' the wisp chance that CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN would be in sufficient abundance! O, ye of little faith! Thou art mad indeed if ye thinketh that these horrors which surround thy brethren offer not adequate proof of the futility of existence around newstands. Subscribe to CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN and let this madness end!



"Large, flat envelopes to be used in mailing out all copies of Cuf from now on!" That's what the publisher yelled at Whob, Cal and Ager while striding down dark passageways to the mailing room in the Gothic Castle the other day. "But," the boys shouted back in unison . . . "But, won't it mean extra handling and work for the Meta Brothers, Quarl, Sami and Hinner?" Mr. Kane paused for a moment, then said, "Mr. Meta's making a successful movie comeback; Sami, the idiot of the family, is the only low-income member; and as for Quarl Meta, he's making a name from the fortune-telling racket because he's always playing his hunch!" At this point the boys almost let the Monster out of his dungeons. Anyway, the point Charles F. Kane raises is that he's tired of only subsidizing the post office and he wants to send out copies of each issue (back issues and future ones) flat in envelopes. Due to the ever-rising cost of mail, therefore, subscription prices must be raised. But . . . you'll get 'em flat in envelopes, and also you won't face the danger of fading words sold out and barren.

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## 1965: The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books

by Lin Carter

Editor of *Spectrum*, the book review magazine of the science/fantasy world



**E**VERY YEAR books of all types jostle for your attention; 1988 was like any other, crowded with new releases and reprints of old favorites. Let's quickly scan (with unjudicious eye, please) the full year and winnow out a few noteworthy items from the hundreds offered. Leo Margulies produced, in *Worlds of Wonder*

**JANUARY** (Pymond, 50¢), is warmly sympathetic to 1966's collection from the famed Weird Tales, again selecting seven good classics. Best were Clark Ashton Smith's "Mother of Toodi" and Dr. Keller's "The Thing in the Cellar." "Pompous Policy" covers the 1920s, and "The Thing in the Cellar" (Rebus, 50¢), filled in the new series of *Shadows* stories that utterly fail to capture the thrilling air of mystery that made the old pulp so thrilling. A first collection of his *Charles Addams* cartoons, in *Galen Wilson's* *Greenwich Menace* (Ace, 45¢), offered chuckles actually served up a quality paperback of Alfred Blackwood's *Tales of Terror and Mystery* (Pymond, \$1.75). *Shadows* has a few tales notably "The Willows" and "The Standings," of writer/anthropologist Damon Knight turned to the supernatural with the Dark Side (*Doubleedge*, 35¢), which pun between hard covers a dozen off-beat tales by Bradbury, H. G. Wells, Ted Shurgeon, Heinlein, and others—including Avram Davidson's small classic "Galen," which is (a) science fiction, (b) horror, (c) delphic humor, and (d) a refreshingly original lampoon of the occult. *Shadows* is a good read, as well as the *Avram Davidson* theme. Quite a lot for a short-term.

Pro-life Robert Bloch led off the next month with *Tales in a Jugular Vein* (Pyramid, \$9.95), but the best thing about the book was the stunning rock Goodson cover. Better fiction was

[illegible]

Marsh came in like a lion with *Tales of the Incredible* (Ballantine, \$5.95), a mouth-watering collection of old EC science fiction comic—including "Judgment Day," a pre-integration of

**MARCH** *Book of the Dead*, by Alan G. Barbour (Pocket Books, \$6.95) and *The Lord of the Jungle* make a reappearance in Barton Weaver's *Tarzan and the Abominable Snowman* (Gold Star, 40¢) "abominable" is the right word, no. Better, fawn, for those who prefer their horrors served up as non-fiction, was Eric Temple's *Dark World of Wolves* (Pan Books, 35¢ or 75¢ when it boomerangs) This plain-text version, written by a professional writer, is a detailed and gripping history of Middle Ages witchcraft persecutions, riddled out with old woodcuts and engravings. Nice! But best of all—and one of the most valuable books published this year—was *The Swiss of Republic* (Hornes Fests Press, about \$2.00) in which Alan G. Barbour gives a full page of info on each of Republic's 46 states, complete cost-list, a still and production credits, plus a list of the state's major historical sites. Now about one of the great of Columbia, Alon!

The 'Doc Savage' reprints continued with a gem for monster-fans, Kenneth Robeson's *Brand of the Werewolf* (Bantam, 45¢), straight from the old Street & Smith pulp (Don '34 issue) and

**APRIL** a whole of a tale. This makes Belmont's unsprayed 'Shadow' series look lousy by comparison. Another in the same vein was the first of a reprint series from the old Phantom Detective mag, Robert Wallace's *The Vampire Murders* (Bantam, \$9.95). I am less enthusiastic here, simply because



Wallace displays pulp-writing at its worst, but whoever penned the 'Doc Savage' stories was an excellent adventure-writer, potent, successful, lively. *Sheehy in My Grave* (Ballantine, 50¢), by French author Jean Ray, was the single finest new collection of original horror I read all year. Crisp, economic, dazzlingly different variations of ghastly and suspense themes follow. Guy W. Wells did a Good Thing in reprinting Charles Fort's classic thriller of speculative thought, *And (50¢)*. Fort, a great iconoclast and debunker of Scientific Orthodoxy, and *Science* Center will be a brain-baking experience for those who have never before sampled his magic. More man-fiction, somewhat less inspired, is Ornelio Yaho's *The Vampires* (Tenderloin Books, 3/6- or 85¢ where I got mine). This is a popularized treatment of the vampire myth—and a popular one, too, with editions, in Italy and France, below the Berlin translation arranged from its coffin. Of some interest to you will be Volke's comments on many a vampire (and the illustrations, scenes from films of Lon, Lugosi, etc.) and his chi-chi about vampire literature, riddled with errors. (I Am A Legend is not a short story, Valia, it's a novel. And you got the title wrong.) Reprint the last of Burroughs' 'Mort' books in John Carter of Mars (Ballantine, 50¢)—was an reprinted mag. press from the early 1940's.

**DECEMBER** is new in public domain, and the plots are going wild. May see a nice edition from Almond at 50¢, and others kept coming out all year from Dell, etc. Also Rife's *Tales of Horror* (Pocket Books, \$1.00), revised, up 47 short stories, all previously unpublished and set in the 19th century. **MAY** had a certain format: only 63 pages long, this book is two inches tall for monster form. Effort O'Donnell's *Werewolves* (Del, Longview Press, \$10.00) is the first non-fictional study I have seen on lycanthropy, appears. Really for the serious, author O'Donnell's idea of scholarly documentation is "a Miss St. Denis told me she was studying on a form where..." No dates, places, authorities. Still, a hefty volume, and the monster-movie fan Brad Steiger has put together a brilliantly well-chosen selection of 98 stills with commentary in a pictorial history of Hollywood horror called *Monsters, Monsters & Mayhem* (Mantel Books, 60¢). Get it!

Another 'Doc Savage' novel of interest to Cephalestids is *The Monsters* (Ballantine, 45¢), a pulp treatment of Dr. Cydopa reprinted under from the April 1934 issue of the old *Street & Smith* mag. L. Sprague de Camp does a second collection of heroic fantasy in *The Spell of Seven* (Pyramid, 50¢), it's even better than last year's *Seven* and *Serpent*. Seven more years from old Weird Tales days, and also where, by Jack Vance, Lord Dunsany, Fritz Leiber, and Charles Nimsell, others. Twelve Tales of Suspense and the *Supernatural* (Crest, 50¢) is an all-but collection of ghostly shorts, only but satisfying, by Donk "Night of the Hunter" Grubb. The month ends off with an odd re-release history of the Devil (Harvard Military Interpreter, 95¢) from the doctory of Robinson Crusoe and Melly Flunder, namely Daniel Defoe. What next?

Who's next home out to be the Great Cockle's 2 *Unearthly Violence* (Gold Medal, 50¢). Alfred Hitchcock's *The Dark* (Dell, 50¢), 12 tales by Broadway, Wells, Menzies, August Derleth, mostly familiar stuff; Red Serling's *NOVEMBER* Stories from *The Twilight Zone* (Ballantine, 45¢) — all right if you like one-off plots and Philip Van Dusen Stern's *Great Tales of Fantasy and Imagination* (Carnegie, 60¢) — not to be feared, this last is just a reprinted reprint (again) of the 1943 Doubleday anthology, the *Moonlight Traveller*. This savvy month of creepy-crawly tales, heavy on the creepy, is a step-by-step, telling most. The *Mechanics of Jay* (Bantam, 50¢) — *Monsters* should take note of "Tyrannosaurus Rex," a tribute to criminals like Wile O'Clock and Ray Harryhausen. Broadway's story for these with a mental cross-section and a strong stomach. One me stuff like *Terror* and the *Gateways* (Ballantine, 50¢), another reprinted, near hard-core 'horror' novel which wuffs the jungle land to the South Sea and embeds him with a Hoggardian posse of lost boys, or something. *Glories* red-blooded fun, this 24th and last, of all 'Terror' month.

A fine booklet of Rudyard Kipling's horror and supernatural short stories is *Phantasies and Fantasies* (Doubleday, \$1.25). *Wife & Hells* Burnett's *Things With Claws* (Ballantine, 50¢) — back again, but I am increasingly less fond of paperback original collections that get reprinted every few years. Ballantine keeps doing this. What's the matter... can't they get any new stuff? Kenneth Robson's *Land of Terror* (Bantam, 45¢) is the eighth of these 'Doc Savage' reprints and has nothing to commend it except Edgar Burroughs' novel, except the plot... and the title. *Jeff*, if you like the word 'Jeff' as a disclaimer. *Happies*, I do. More old EC comic in *The Voids of Horror* (Ballantine, 50¢) — illustrated by Jack Davis, Johnny Craig, others; more Broadway lob-de-doh in *The Illustrated Men* (Bantam, 50¢) and yet another anthology is *Old's Wards* (Crest, 60¢) from George Brandon Saul, mostly odds of the yellow well-known-er-er degree of Edgar Burroughs' *Joe* (Almond, 50¢), with a new paperback of *The Wizard of Oz* (Almond, 50¢), with an excellent intro by Donald A. Wollheim and interior pit by Ray O. Knecht.

**AUGUST** — a fine booklet of Rudyard Kipling's horror and supernatural short stories is *Phantasies and Fantasies* (Doubleday, \$1.25). *Wife & Hells* Burnett's *Things With Claws* (Ballantine, 50¢) — back again, but I am increasingly less fond of paperback original collections that get reprinted every few years. Ballantine keeps doing this. What's the matter... can't they get any new stuff? Kenneth Robson's *Land of Terror* (Bantam, 45¢) is the eighth of these 'Doc Savage' reprints and has nothing to commend it except Edgar Burroughs' novel, except the plot... and the title. *Jeff*, if you like the word 'Jeff' as a disclaimer. *Happies*, I do. More old EC comic in *The Voids of Horror* (Ballantine, 50¢) — illustrated by Jack Davis, Johnny Craig, others; more Broadway lob-de-doh in *The Illustrated Men* (Bantam, 50¢) and yet another anthology is *Old's Wards* (Crest, 60¢) from George Brandon Saul, mostly odds of the yellow well-known-er-er degree of Edgar Burroughs' *Joe* (Almond, 50¢), with a new paperback of *The Wizard of Oz* (Almond, 50¢), with an excellent intro by Donald A. Wollheim and interior pit by Ray O. Knecht.

September saw a superbook of H. G. Wells' double, *champion First Men in the Moon* (Almond, 95¢). *How*, if they hoped to ride in on the coattails of the excellent *Horizon* **SEPTEMBER** *Horizon* men, too. Jack produced a collection with the staggeringly clever title of *A Treasury of Great Ghost Stories* (Popular Library, 50¢), a potpourri of stories, cruelly excavated from their well-deserved graves. For those who like their horror straight, there was Harold T. Wilkins' *Strange Mysteries of Terror* (Almond, 40¢), a new volume of Marie Celeste Mystery, *Strange Lights in the Sky Over Paduk*, Was it A Sea-Serpent or Just A Bizarre Photo?, and I Talked With Grandpa Men's Brother's Ghost. I'll take the great H. P. Lovecraft, as in *Beque and Other Men's Tales* (Arkham House, \$4.50). These past, some familiar, haven't been anthologized into their merits, but they soon will be. A few look beautifully printed, sturdy bound. And to make it a bonus month, L. Sprague de Camp's extremely brilliant *Myths, Legends, and Spells* (Carnegie Press, \$5.95), an utterly magnificent study of all phases of occultism, theosophy, the kabbalah, spiritualism, witchery, etc.—thoroughly researched, superbly erudite, beautifully written, and on devastatingly keen-edged a hotbed-like as any since Velde invented the fine art of debunking.

October means *Wollweiss* and *monsters*, and what more appropriate than *Delia W. Lovecraft's* 1932 constitution of the *Edgar Wallace/Martin C. Cooper* screenplay of the *chump chimp* himself—*King Kong* (Bantam, 50¢). An excellent and somewhat... captures much of the boyish enthusiasm and great gusto of the best of the Great Big Vamp cycle. *Monster* mystery-writer Edgar Wallace, by the way, here gets a credit at last he had as somewhat in any living of King Kong that I have seen. [Now, if the other paperback houses will take their cue from the boys at Bantam, there's still Will Gudd's novel of Doctor Cydopa not yet in paperback, and the Testament of Dr. Deleah, and Michael Freeman's gorgeous, month-watching *Bride of the Vampire* (1941) — *Confessions* who enjoyed the American production of *The Skull* will enjoy Robert Bloch's original story in his collection *The Skull of the Mergols de Sade* (Fremont, 50¢). Two new pb versions of superior *Julia Vance* novels, both reissues for two of the best Verne films, are *The Master of the World* (Almond, 50¢) and *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (Fremont, 95¢). Does Almond still print books which are in public domain, or do they actually pay an author new and show a little no copyright? By the way, a new collection by Robert Belding, I saw off this *Verne* is only available in cruddy old Victorian translations. Get him one ecological modern English, and more readers will discover what a delightful, witty fictioneer he was. George K. Anderson surveys a great medieval legend, including its many incarnations into literature, in *The Legend of the Wandering Jew* (Brown Book, 50¢, \$12.00). The price is absurd, but the book is a new job. A better-than-average collection of new and old pulp tales together in *The Chamber of Horrors* (Little, Brown, \$7.95). Not to mention *Femur* Hugh's *Witchcraft* (Fremont, \$1.25), a good guided tour through one of the darkest pages of Christian Europe's gory history. And don't let Marvin Korp's *The Unholyman* (Popular Library, 50¢) get past you: it's good thrills 'n' chills, not science fiction. More *Woolf* in the *Women People* (Ballantine, 50¢), reprints from the EC comic adaptations of "The Lark," "Touch and Go" others—with a fine *Frazer* cover and a short intro by Broadway, here *Karlson*—anyone named "Karlson" could go on to become the *Karlson* of horror fiction—did a handy of a vampire novel in *Dracula's Hollow* (Paperback Lib, 40¢) a rare and sought-after hardcover, new in paperback. Don't miss it.

In November, a new hardcover series was founded by W.W. Norton, called *The Scapellato Library of Mystery and Suspense*—quality reprints of rare old classics... famous detective, crime, **NOVEMBER** 1957, ghost stories and tales of fantasy, suspense, mystery, adventure and horror. Among the first releases: Arthur Machen's *The Hound of the Baskin's* (1912), the dear Daphne DuMaurier must have read before she wrote *The Birds*; Edgar Wallace's hoary old *creaky-crawler*, *The Green Archer* (upon the which was innocently based one of the most absurd movie serials of all time); series editor is Vincent Starrett, well-known connoisseur of The Great Old-fashioned *Shut* Jules Verne rather than a nondescript, backward pass in *The Great Circle* (Harcourt, \$12.95). *Robert Van Thud* produced yet another of his very excellent reprints, *Phantasies*, *Phantasies* of the Fantastic (1913, \$2.95), and one of the earliest of the Original Gorbis. *Romances*, Ann Radcliffe's *speaky-but-sensuous* *Mysteries of Melphoe* (Oxford, \$8.00) was dusted off for another appearance. *Stano* Clava had a gory goodie in his more surprisingly than in the beautiful, beautiful *Heritage Press* deluxe, bound, illustrated edition with a lip-smacking intro by Anthony Boucher.

**DECEMBER** *Best Short-Story Collection of 1946*. *Sheehy in My Grave* by Jean Ray. *Best Non-Fiction Book of 1946*. *Spirits, Stars & Spells* by L. Sprague de Camp. From *Conceivable* *BEST AMATEUR PRODUCTION OF 1946*. *Series of Republic* by Alan G. Barber. *BEST ANTHOLOGY OF 1946*. *Worlds of Wonder*, edited by Lee Margolin. *MOST IMPORTANT REPRINT OF 1946*: *King Kong* by Delia W. Lovecraft. / Happy reading! —Lin Carter

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Made you glow after dark, and glow! They glow in the dark with no extra light source. Apply this luminous paint to your face, hands, feet, etc. in 10 minutes. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.

## INFLATABLE COIL SNAKE 6



Apply this heavy plastic and coil snake into a coiled snake that can be inflated. It's made of heavy plastic, and you can be used to handle snakes. Size, 10 1/2" x 12 1/2" (also 2 1/2" for postage and handling).

## THIRD EYE 6

From it on to the forehead. It will glow — it's realistic. You have made, and others can. Tell your friends you can "read" photos and drive like cars. (Also available in 1/2" for only 3 1/2", plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling).



## CRAZY DAGGER

Looks like it's gone through your skull! Amazing because, it's a genuine plastic dagger. Great for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.

## BRAVE GHOULS

Halloween photo-op  
book!

\$1.25 (also 2 1/2" for postage and handling)



Many think this costume, just the Great Ghouls and the Great Ghouls. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.



RUBBER BAT

## 10

Look black plastic piece of paper to your friends. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.



INVISIBLE TINA

## SMOKE FROM FINGER TIPS



This realistic smoke comes from your fingers. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.



## SCARFACE 12

Realistic plastic scar to give you a genuine ghoulish appearance. Easy to apply and remove. Because you have a scar on your face, it's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.

## SNAKE TWIST

This only 2 1/2" moment can be twisted and turned into various positions and shapes. Made of rubber with a wire core. Looks really ugly! \$1.25, plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.



13

## BLOODY MESS

Monthly material look as if you were hit by the Blood Mess. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.



## SPIDER RING

## 15

This realistic plastic ring can be used to give you a ghoulish appearance. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.

## 16

## HYPHO-PHONY



Perfect for playing the Mad Doctor, this hypodermic needle is big and official looking. Fits with anatomical blood, anyone? \$1.25, plus 3 1/2" for postage.

## 17

Perfectly ghoulish version of the Shrunken Head. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. It's a great costume for Halloween. Plus 3 1/2" for postage and handling.



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5 6 7 8  
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Great scenes from THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME and THE CAT AND THE CANARY. A terrific compilation of scenes from several of the most outstanding mystery-horror dramas ever made.



## THE VAMPIRE BAT

In one of his best "mad doctor" roles Lionel Atwill clashes with Melvyn Douglas. Atwill emerges as a fiend beyond comprehension, using evil powers of his mind to destroy others.



## THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Ulli Palane stars with Linda Parks in a ghoulish gothic castle style dungeon-mad-culture chamber evilness. Reminiscent of Rod's macabre job in THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME.



## MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM

To find one's self alone at night surrounded by infamous wax figures is to really know the meaning of terror, while horror—and death—stalk the surroundings of The Wax Museum.



## FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

Harold Lloyd Jr. stars as a modern Dr. Frankenstein who tries to outdo his ancestors as he spreads terror in the Beverly Hills suburbs with a monster that defies description.



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\$5.95 (plus 25¢ for postage)  
Mis-used atom-age methods turn a man into a snarling, raving beast...right before your horror-struck eyes! A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified fathers. Human brain, human cunning is the body of a bloodthirsty beast.

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  - ☐ \$5.95 for THE CURSE OF THE DEMON
  - ☐ \$5.95 for THE GIANT CLAW
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# METROPOLIS

Internationally acknowledged as a great film classic, **METROPOLIS** is at last available in full feature-length form. Nine (9) long reels in eight (8mm.) millimeter; running time: 2½ hours.

Nearly two years in the making (1926-27), Fritz Lang's masterpiece attracted critics, shocked bourgeois audiences, and delighted fans. In fact, it's the "Tosca" of such reputation as Charles F. Keen, C. T. Buck, Chris Strindberg, and Pagan Harnphrey. Four decades have passed—**METROPOLIS** remains the definitive science-fiction-horror adventure film. Exquisitely and spectacularly mounted, it might cost upwards of 14 million dollars to duplicate today. Because . . . here are ALL of the basic fantastic elements that were to be imitated (often with appalling results) in the years to come. Never again would there be quite the same successful integration of dynamic Weimar and Adventure on as high a plane.

A noted film collector recently commented: "**METROPOLIS** is as if a magic genie unfolded an unshakable load of fantastic wonders, thrills and chills . . . A cinema experience that will linger for all of one's life."

Among the hundreds of bits of business are such wonders as:

- 1—The catacomb-like **UNDERGROUND CITY** with its enslaved workers under the heel of:
- 2—John Fredersen, Master and tyrannical dictator of **METROPOLIS**, who ruthlessly rules his technological empire via push-buttons, closed-circuit TV and through:
- 3—**ROTWANG**, diabolical genius, mad scientist incarnate, played magnificently to the hilt by Rudolf Klein-Rogge (the original **DR. MABUSE**), who runs a wondrous **LABORATORY** in which he creates a **ROBOT-ANDROID** in a sequence to put down ALL "creation-of-life" mad-lab sequences since then.

You'll also thrill at the sight of: A cast of thousands! Biting metal 1926 style totalitarianist Harell's chase scenes! The famous Tower of Babel sequence! Submerged Cities! Pandemonium on a vast scale! Some of the most tremendous special effects ever devised! Grand camera work! . . . And many, many more visual spectacles!

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## THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN

The infamous Baron Frankenstein creates a new, more terrifying man-like monster. When the Baron is exposed, his patients turn on him in a frenzy of revenge. A real horrorama.

## THE CURSE OF THE DEMON

The devil-worshipping cult of the evil Dr. Kaswell evokes a strange and murderous monster. The gruesome being turns its bloodlust against a renowned psychologist and a lovely young girl who have come to investigate a strange murder. A terrifying tale!

## THE GIANT CLAW

From the pre-historic past comes a seemingly unconquerable bird-beast. It attacks, with the destruction of the world as its aim. Impervious to man's most powerful weapons, it is finally destroyed by scientific ingenuity and Air Force weapon-power.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Yes, it's here at last! The full 7-reel feature-length edition of the 1925 horror classic can be yours!

Made more than forty years ago, the original **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** has never been duplicated for show thrills and chills, despite two other versions within the last 25 years.

Now learn about the Great Curse that hung over the opera house . . .

See the horrors of the complex maze lying underground: Catacombs . . . An Underground lair . . . The Stygian Canal . . . The Lair of the Phantom . . . And, horror of horrors: the Phantom's Secret—a scene that evokes all moments of fears and shudders as it has done for several generations. NOW . . . this great masterpiece, starring the amazing Lon Chaney, can be yours for \$41.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling). Now—7 reels—1400 feet.

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## BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

A frenetic pair of mad scientists create a bride for the weirdest monster ever known. See her brought to life in a chilling climax!



A prominent scientist concocts weird drugs that turn humans into monsters. Costello unwittingly gets a dose of the tonic, turns into a monster, and lures Scotland Yard on a hairy chase after the real madman.



A space ship falters in flight and opens to earth with its mysterious "walkers." A resourceful scientist battles against time to send this unearthly phenomenon back to space.



Dracula, the Wolf Man, and even the Invisible Man join forces in this comedy "shocker!" Watch the daffy chain-reaction of fun as somebody dreams up the idea of using Costello's "brains" for the monster.



## ONE MILLION B.C.

A horrified woman, fleeing the chaos of an erupting volcano, seeks safety in a mountain cave. An enraged dinosaur blocks their exit. Cave men, armed only with spears, nearly sacrifice themselves to divert his attention.



Desperate men from a strange universe kidnap a noted scientist to help stem the unearthly fumes of an out-

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**FRANKENSTEIN  
MEETS THE  
WOLFMAN**

If bones, spine tingling, nerve-chilling tales of the supernatural are your cup of tea, then the feared clash between Frankenstein and the Wolfman is definitely up your alley.



## TARANTULA

A gigantic spider set to terrify the world is ready to be unleashed when a crazed scientist starts tampering with man and nature.



**THE MUMMY**  
—with  
Boris Karloff

A chilling story of resurrection that spans 3,700 years in the telling, pulse-pounding suspense revolves around the legendary Scion of Death and his gift of eternal life, as Karloff enacts one of his most ferocious roles.



## THE MUMMY'S TOMB

Now Lon Chaney Jr., in one of his most superb monster roles, strides forth out of his mysterious, horror-filled Egyptian tomb as Khoris, the immortal Mummy, striking terror in the hearts of all those who dare defy him.

# NOSFERATU

## THE TERROR OF DRACULA

One of the acknowledged Top Ten Horror Classics, this 1922 masterpiece (once considered very rare) is at last available for your 8 millimeter home screen. Yes, this is the film they've raved over all around the world (see special screen story and article on NOSFERATU in Cof #4 for May 1984). Like a dark breath of horror, the Original DRACULA, NOSFERATU, considered by some to be the definitive Vampire film, is now available 400 great feet of exciting, high-tension horror. \$9.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

- \$9.95 for NOSFERATU plus 50¢ postage and handling.
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an exclusive, spine-tingling series  
of home movie thrillers...

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THE ADVENTURES OF  
**BATMAN**

Yessiree!! This 1943 serial classic is at last available!! And, holy ray guns and mad scientists! It's ALL on SIX (6!) zingo! pow! wham! 200-foot long reels! (Or a total of 1200 feet if you buy all 6 reels.) Each 200-foot reel is \$5.95 (plus 25¢ for postage and handling).

Holy POW WOW!! Yes, I've gone batty for BATMAN! Please send what I've circled— Chapter: 1 2 3 4 5 6.  
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No--NO! I can't take the suspense! So send me all SIX (6) for \$36.95.... ( )  
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These aggressive photomechanical reproductions are the personal creations of famous horror-fantasy artist and cartoonist Mark Fox whose work has appeared in the Horror Comics Group, PLANET STORIES, WEIRD TALES and many other magazines.

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## THAT WILL GLOW IN THE DARK (in weird green light)

Yes, they come horribly alive in the dark in Monsterama! They'll glow at you in Spookdracula weird green light! Bring friends (or "others") into a pitch-black room—Then watch their reaction when they meet the Monsters From The Wall!!

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